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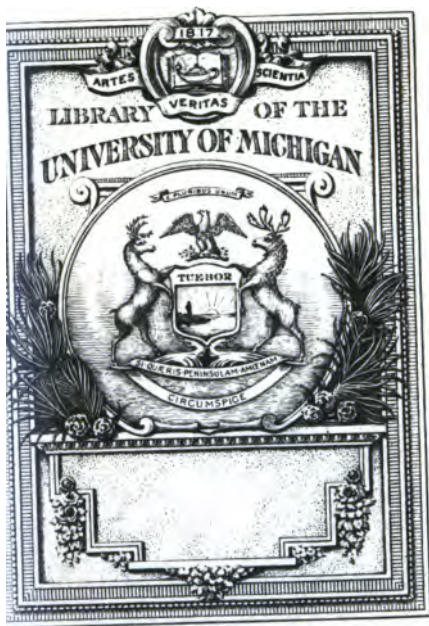
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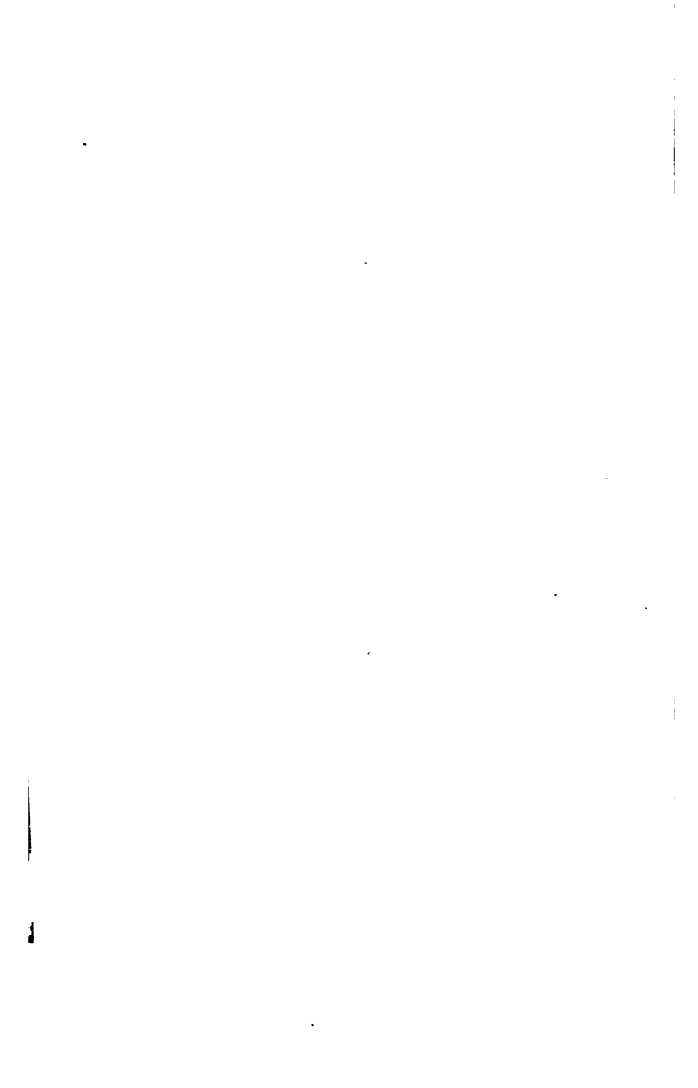
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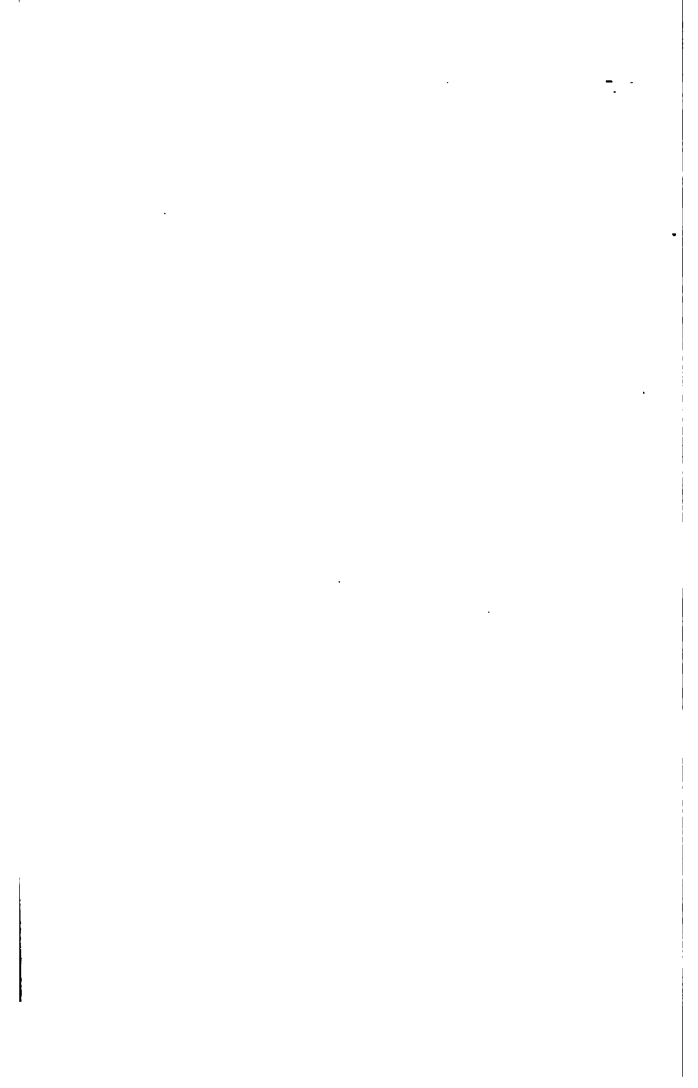
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American Wit and Humor

A COLLECTION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES
CLASSIFIED UNDER
APPROPRIATE SUBJECT HEADINGS

David K. Ginn

VOL. II

PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
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Preface for Volume II

ON getting the material together it was found that one volume would not contain all the bright things floating about and, even with two, many will be omitted. While an attempt has been made to include nothing but what is of recent date, yet it will be seen that some of the jokes have an ancient flavor and may date back to the time of Aristophanes or even to the Garden of Eden, where our first parents are reported to have unconsciously indulged in pleasantry, Eve's first word to her lord being "Adam?" and his to her, "Madam?" It is a great pity that they did not keep a diary, not being troubled with thoughts of clothes and food. They must have enjoyed many a joke together while searching in the encyclopedia for names for all the animals. After they were uncere- moniously "snaked" out of the garden their warfare began, and a medium, who recently consulted the head of the race, reports that he still blames the whole thing on his wife.

When one colors the whiskers of an old joke and dresses it up in bicycle trousers it is almost

as good as a new one, and the act may be defined as a case of "unconscious cerebration," as the psychologists say. Our brother editors and fellow-sinners know how it is themselves. Moreover under the patent laws a new adaption of what is old is declared to be no infringement. Relying on the permission and indulgence of brother editors for the use of their bright sayings, we send these books forth with the hope that they may serve to while away a tedious hour and make the world brighter, and on the whole, better.

CHAPTER I

Specific for Melancholy

"Melancholy men of all others are most witty."

ONE touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

A cat's eyes are said to be largest at midnight. We never made an examination, but we are positive that its voice is about seventeen times larger at that hour than at any other during the twenty-four.

How to get a good wife—take a good girl and go to the parson.

"I beg your pardon, but aren't you mistaken?" courteously said a gentleman to a pretty shop girl, with whom he was dealing. "I am a miss, but not yet taken, sir," she replied, with drooping eyes.

St. Louis girls claim that they are not as bad as they are painted.

The robin that has lost her mate takes a sort of bird-sigh view of the world.

New boarder :—" Where is the knife with this pie ? " Mrs. Hashcroft (loftily) :—" We never furnish a knife with pie here, Mr. Billings." New boarder (unabashed) :—" Well, gimme the ax, then."

A man who don't know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.

" My dear," said a lady to her millionaire husband, " I have some dreadful news to break to you. You must summon all of your fortitude for the sake of your wife and little ones." " Speak," he said hoarsely. " The coal is out." " Great heavens ! has it come to this ? " and the millionaire bowed his head and wept.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience to come from ?

An article on " The Antiquity of Gingerbread " says it has been used since the fourteenth century. The gingerbread displayed in some of the shop windows don't look to be more than fifty years old, but appearances are deceitful.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it knows better than to fool with the dog.

Servant girl (from the country):—"Mister, I never find any cream in this milk of yours." Milkman (highly pleased):—"No, young woman, I never adulterate my milk with anything."

A man without brains frequently has the most imposing headstone when he is dead.

Seaside hotel proprietor (to sea-serpent in search of an engagement):—"No, I don't think I shall have any use for you this season; I've got the promise of a society actress, two bogus lords, a political convention, and a scandal in high life, and my bill of attractions is about full."

Don't call a large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

Two students ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaimed the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."

You never hear the bee complain, nor hear it weep nor wail; but if it wish it can unfold a very painful tail.

"So you've got a wife," said Jones to a newly married man. "Don't know, don't know," replied the man with evident hesitation. "Sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just how the blamed combination is going to turn out."

The new twenty-dollar certificates are said to be very handsome. Their beauty grows as they approach within reach.

Amateur Photographer (to farmer):—"Will you allow me to take a picture of the old mill yonder?" Farmer:—"Yes, sir, if you can find room." Amateur Photographer:—"Room?" Farmer:—"Ain't you one of them amachewer fotographer fellows?" Amateur Photographer:—"Yes, sir." Farmer:—"Well, there's twenty-seven down there now."

"It pains me, Mr. Boggs, to see you coming out of a barroom." "All right, deacon. Anything ter save your feelings. I'll go right in again."

When a girl screams and throws her arms around you it is difficult to tell whether she loves you or is merely scared.

Boy:—"Pa, was Samson killed by his wife?"

Pa:—"It amounted to that. She betrayed him to those who wanted to kill him." "What did she do that for?" "I don't know. Maybe she gave him a letter and he forgot to mail it."

Jeweler:—"Is your watch all right now, Mr. Smith?" Mr. Smith:—"Well, no, not yet; but it seems to be gaining every day."

A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her matter-of-fact old father, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed: "Twins, by thunder!"

As an item of interest it might be stated that a pile of strength that would reach half way to the moon is wasted in this country every year by people holding up hymn-books in church who don't know a b-flat note from the howl of a brindle cat.

Presence of mind is all well enough in some cases, but when a man finds himself in danger of freezing to death he shouldn't try to keep too cool.

Bill Nye says he expects to make a great deal of money out of his book, because it is "larger and thicker" than any he ever published before. "What the public wants," he adds, "is a big book—one that can be used to prop up the lounge with when its leg is broken."

The greatest fault a Florida man recently found with Maine is, that there are two months in the year when sleighing is not very good.

Robinson stood on the corner, his attitude expressive of pain. "What's the matter, Robinson?" inquired Dumley, who chanced to be passing. "Rheumatism again? You look sort o' twisted." "No," responded Robinson, "my wife has just made me half-a-dozen new shirts, and I've got one of 'em on."

"Papa, what is a fancy dress ball?" "A fancy dress ball, my son, is usually one where most of the clothes of the dancers exist merely in the fancy."

Many a young man who has been too bashful to propose to a girl has had her father come into the parlor at eleven o'clock and help him out.

When Hobbs returned to his country home after his brief visit to the metropolis, he was asked if he saw many strange things in the city. "Wal," replied Hobbs, "I dunno. I seen a lot er curus things, that's a fact; but I guess, by the way them city folks stared at me, that I was as big a curiosity as there was in the hull city."

"Mamma," said a little Dakota boy, as he came into the parlor, "where is my papa?" "He is crawling up the chimney, dear, to see what kind of a day it is."

Jenkins was in the pantry trying to open a can of tomatoes, and making a good deal of unnecessary noise about it. "What in the world is the matter?" demanded his wife from the kitchen; "what are you trying to open that can of tomatoes with?" "Can-opener, of course," he growled back; "do you suppose I am trying to open it with my teeth?" "Oh; I thought, perhaps, judging from your language, you were trying to open it with prayer."

An Illinoisian who has been in Chicago a week, says he ate so much oleomargarine while there that he is astonished to look an honest cow in the face.

The Worcester *Gazette* recalls a story about a New Haven belle, who, with a friend, was passing a group of undergraduate roosters on the college fence, when one of the youths remarked in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by the passers: "B-e-a-u-t-y ty, Beauty." To which came the prompt response from the New Haven girl, "B double-o-b-y-by, Booby," and the young man put away his orthography till the rest of the fellows got over laughing.

Since Professor Proctor has figured out that the sun is 1,200,000 times larger than the earth, a great many people now want the sun instead of just the earth.

A couple of young men went out fishing the other day, and, on returning, were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They shouted to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

Sweet girl (disrobing):—"Did you look under the bed?" Old maid:—"What for?" "To see if there is a man there." "No, dear, I've given up all hope."

"Is your program full, Miss Beetlecrusher?" asked a young man of a western damsel who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an order of dances in her hand. "Program full?" said the daughter of the setting sun. "Waal, I guess not! I hain't had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice cream, and that don't go far toward filling my program, I can tell you."

After running a lawn-mower for an hour this morning he remarked that if ever he had said anything derogatory or unkind of the snow-shovel he would most willingly take it back.

A Jamestown photographer claims to have taken some excellent pictures of a cyclone which lingered in that vicinity recently. When we see one of them we will feel a good deal more like believing the story. A photographer who can go out and set up a machine and face a cyclone and make it look pleasant and hold his chin a little higher and keep still long enough to have its picture taken, must have lots of nerve.

"I'm so sorry you spilt the ink," said the poet's wife. "Has it gone over your poem?" "No, confound it!" returned the poet, sadly, "it went over my postage stamps."

"Does your cow cringe and curl," asks the New England *Farmer*, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" "Well, not much she doesn't. She isn't that kind of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that would raise a blister on a pine knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air, stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground, and then feels around with the other for the milk pail, milking stool, milk maid; finds them; fires them up somewhere into the blue empyrean, and remarking, 'Ha, ha!' amid the shouting jumps over a six-rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pipeline and a pumping station."

A medical authority states that husbands of red-headed women are liable to become color-blind. They are also liable to become lame and bald.

"I don't know what will come next," a good old lady was heard to remark the other day. "John is near-sighted, you know, and his wife hard of hearing, and now they have got a red-headed baby."

"Don," said a contractor to one of his trusted employees, "when you are down seeing about that lime this morning, I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner." "Yes, sorr." "I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan on his return. "I'm very glad; you merely alluded to it in an off-handed way, I suppose." "Yes, sorr. I handed him the bill and towld him if he didn't pay it, I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forget for a while, and he paid it at wonst."

"Gimme a couple o' tickets for the show," said a countryman at the box office, Christmas eve. "Yes, sir; for the family circle?" "Sh!" warned the countryman, and then he whispered, "No, not for the family circle. You see, I've only been married about four hours, mister. Jest put us in 'mong the young folks."

Talmage said in his lecture the other night that "the man who can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who can't sing and *will* sing.

Peckham (meeting an old friend):—"Why, Dingley, is this you? I haven't seen you for ten years. How are you, anyhow?" Dingley:—"Oh, I'm just like I used to be. By the way, Peckham, how's your wife? You used to say you had the boss girl when you were single." Peckham (sadly):—"She's still boss."

In Japan, according to correspondent, a man introduced his better half as "my fool of a wife." In Japan all the furniture is made of light bamboo, and such a thing as a rolling-pin is unknown.

"No," exclaimed Mr. Penhecker; "no, madam, I object most decidedly. Once, and for all, I say it—the girls shall not be taught foreign languages." "And why not, pray?" said Mrs. P., with withering sarcasm. "Because," said Mr. P., with more withering sarcasm; "because, Mrs. P. one tongue is enough for any woman!" Mrs. Penhecker responded not.

One firm in Newark, N. J., makes 150,000,000 corkscrews in a year. We don't know the object of a corkscrew, but the Newark firm appears to be engaged in a very "crooked" business.

Widow :—" Yes, the direct cause of my poor husband's death was the quantity of baker's cake that he ate." Minister (on a visit of condolence) :—" It must be a source of great consolation to you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, that you didn't make the cake yourself."

Miss Gotham (to Mr. Wabash, returned from abroad) :—" I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (uneasily) :—" Well—er—yes, Miss Gotham, but only once, and then I got off with a merely nominal fine."

Wellington (Kansas) has a young lady whose name should slide down the banisters of time as the only one of the kind in existence. She recently returned a pair of shoes to the dealer with the complaint that they were two sizes too small.

“There is one thing I can't understand,” he began, when his wife interrupted him with, “Only one thing, my dear?” she stands in amazement, and he fired his paper across the room and exchanged slippers for boots.

CHAPTER II

Play on Words

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

A SHIRT front is a thing to be studded.

It takes four years for a college to turn out a good student. But it frequently turns out a bad student in less than three months.

In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.

Another elopement has sprung from church choir rehearsals. The ladies cannot be too careful about chants acquaintances.

The mother with twin boys knows what it is to toil from son to son.

"No," Ethel; when you hear of a young girl having made a good "match" it doesn't signify that she has got something that will get up every morning and light the fire.

Titles of nobility are as old as the human race.
Adam was the first bare'un.

"What will the present year bring forth?"
asks an exchange. "Bring Fourth of July, of
course."

A good looking glass and a good looking lass
generally go together.

Some men never seem to get ahead in the
world, and then again some men get too much
"head."

The monkey goes to the sunny side of the
tree when he wants a warmer climb.

He (who in attempting to get some pond
lilies had fallen in):—"Don't I look the very es-
sence of woe, Miss Brown?" She:—"Oh, no,
Mr. Jones, you look more like Pond's Extract."

It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her
owner because she lays for him.

About this time of year the family woodpile
becomes so distasteful to the small boy that he
thinks seriously of shipping as a pirate—pre-
ferring the sea to the saw.

A household with a baby is founded on a rock.

A woman refused to give a meal to a dwarf the other day, because she was opposed to dine-a-mite.

The cucumber does its best fighting after it is down.

All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them. This is not a joke; it is the grave truth.

A burglar generally makes his home run, after he reaches the plate.

"Were you carefully brought up, young man?" said the merchant to an applicant for a position in his establishment. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I came up on the elevator."

The dealer who sells hose generally has a large stockin' trade.

A church bell at Saratoga recently rang 104 times—one stroke for each year of its existence. This is the only instance on record where the age of a Saratoga belle has been tolled.

Yes, my son, after five bawls the infant usually gets his base warmed.

When the woman of Scripture turned to salt, her Lot was not a happy one. He was miserable until he secured him a fresh wife.

Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer.

Young Man, "I have something for the poet's corner." Editor, "All right, young man; the poet scorner sits right over there."

Mosquitoes are the most religious of insects; they first sing over you and then prey on you.

Massachusetts must be a highly religious state. A prominent civil engineer has been able to find only thirteen dams in the state which are liable to break loose.

A man, like a dog, is apt to be rather fast when he has plenty of "tin" behind him.

"At what age were you married," she asked inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

Many a man seeks a girl for her pa value.

A merchant is going to have his name stamped on 50,000,000 toothpicks. He seems desirous of having his name in everybody's mouth.

If a man's wife is well-bred, he never wants any but-her.

There is a young lady in a girls' school in Georgia, who goes by the nickname of "Post-script." Her real name is Adeline Moore.

Bootblacks must have originated on the Plains of Shinar.

A Burlington man ate too much duck Thanksgiving day, and had a fit of indigestion. His wife recommended some quack medicine.

The spider is the happiest when his life is hanging by a thread.

It is one thing for a person to know a good thing when he sees it, and another thing for him to seize a good thing when he knows it.

It is the "duck of a bonnet" that makes a young girl's head swim.

One portion of South America is by no means warm—it's Chili.

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is full of pains; and who has not seen more than one window blind?

Corn is an emblem of peace, but it is never appreciated until it gets on its ear.

Butter, butter, nice and fair; how I wonder what you are; are you really what you seem? Were you made of grease or cream?

A man must not expect to live in clover simply because he marries a grass widow.

Wayfarers in Michigan are attracted as well by the letter as by the spirit of this sign at East Jordan: "Knew syder for saille."

The locomotive works wonderfully well considering it is only fed on coal victuals.

A friend of ours, absent on a trip to Washington, writes that he has been all through the National capital and considerable of his own.

During a storm it is all up with an umbrella.

The shades of night go about dewing good.

Philadelphia girl at the seashore: "Do you ever find bottles here which tell of wrecks?"
 "Yes, mum, often—empty bottles."

If you only practice long enough at setting a steel trap, you are sure to get your hand in.

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going away from home for awhile he says, "Are you going oasis?"

The strawberry shortcake is not long for this world.

Schwtkä, on being interviewed says: "No, you can never reach the Pole with a baloon, but you can reach the baloon with a pole, if it sails pretty low."

The buzz saw has an offhand way with new acquaintances.

A number of Philadelphia ladies have formed an association to do mending for bachelors. It is conjectured that they "sew that they may reap."

Johnny stole one pancake, and got six spank-aches without stealing.

The *Young Ladies' Journal* pertinently suggests that the keynote of good breeding is B natural.

A western correspondent has been trying to set a hen to music.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend, he wrote on the back of it : "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

The springtime of life—When one discovers a bent pin under him.

Don't give up the ship ! If you must give up anything in the nautical line, give up the schooner.

An article on the education of the blind is attracting great attention. If the article tells how a blind may be taught not to slam and creak on a windy night it is a masterpiece.

Better to have married a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

There is no reason in the world why a "baby show" shouldn't be a howling success.

Guest:—"Bring me some smelt." Waiter:—"We have no smelt, but we have codfish."

Guest:—"I want smelt." Waiter:—"Well, sir, the codfish will be smelt as soon as it is brought in."

The man who hanged himself died of his own free will and a cord.

Miss Prudely, "I hear that Mr. Agile broke his limb recently. Pray, how did he do it?" Mr. Quizley, "He was gathering blossoms, you know, and fell from the—aw—the—leg of an apple tree."

Fogg says his bed is a young one, as it has only seen four springs.

Through a typographical error of rare felicity our Methodist contemporary, the *Central Christian Advocate*, speaks of the defendants in the Chicago anarchist trial as "the acussed."

It takes sand to organize and carry out a successful "sugar trust."

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

Foreman (to country editor):—"Do you want Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon, 'Feed my Lambs,' to go on the editorial page?" Editor (absent-mindedly):—"No. Run it in the agricultural-column."

It is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.

"I swear by those tall elms in yonder park"—he commenced, but she interrupted him, "Swear not by them," she said imploringly. "Why not?" "Because those trees are slippery elms."

When you offer oats to a horse he may say neigh, but he don't mean it.

Drummer (entering a small country tavern):—"Accommodate me with a bed for the night?" Landlord:—"All beds full. But can take down the clock, and let you sleep between the ticks."

Dancing is poetry of motion and no poetical young man can see a pretty girl dancing without wishing to second the motion.

There is a big difference between getting on well in life and getting well on in life.

Undressed kid is the favorite material for slippers, says a fashionable journal. It may be added that slippers are not the favorite material with the undressed kid.

If the scarcity of five-cent pieces continues much longer the old nickel be to pay.

An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plow is soon destined to become a thing of the past. We have always thought it was being run into the ground.

A South Boston man says his goat does not fear competition with any bogus butter.

Mrs. F. :—" They must have some very heavy winds in Boston." Mr. F. :—" Indeed they do." Mrs. F. :—" There is an item in the paper about a safe being blown open there."

Captain De Witt Wallace of Lafayette, Ind., is the author of a novel shortly to appear, called "Love's Ladder." It evidently does not refer to love at first sight; for that usually begins with a pair of stares.

It would seem appropriate for Michiganders to marry Portuguese, but they seldom do.

All gall is divided into three parts, of which the mugwumps have one. As the mugwumps are a good deal less than one-third of the population their proportion of gall is excessive.

A dude insulted a fair widow the other day, and she gave him the widow's smite.

"Your name, my child?" inquired the matron of the poor little waif that had applied for charity. "Mary Haddell." "Little lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender-hearted matron.

If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find out that you are better off.

The Reason Why:—"How my mouth waters!" exclaimed the Mississippi river.

"That's because you are coming to a bar," replied the Gulf of Mexico.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

Now buy the winter's fuel. You will make money by getting coaled before the weather does.

Nickleby:—"That's a strange pair of scales you have there. I suppose they are of the Ambuscade kind." Grocer:—"Ambuscade? What is that?" Nickleby:—"Why, they lie in weight as it were."

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved off on him.

An old lady recently visiting in a prison asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse food. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure. And when asked what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out."

If told to take a "back seat" one will invariably take affront.

When, in a crowded Chicago hotel, Dubbleby was put into a room with a howling anarchist, he called the clerk up at midnight to inform him that he was suffering from inflammatory room mateism.

If there is one who should be "rapped" in slumber, it is the man who snores.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying, "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi river."

Ice is very popular now, but we can remember a time not six months ago when every one was down on it.

In Chicago, a few days ago, a Mr. Halter married a Miss Rope and the officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Knott. The couple seem to be securely tied.

The most curious thing about a falsehood is that it can get over so much territory by simply lying around.

Mr. Sissy :—"Aw, Miss Laura, er do you think marriage a failure?" Miss Laura :—"Well, Mr. Sissy, as I have never been married I cannot say from experience—but between you and me I think it would be a failure."

"This is my sphere," said a happy wife, as she patted her baldheaded husband on the pate.

Gus:—"What did you think of our amateur theatricals, Miss Mamie? Rather of a rare entertainment, was it not?" Miss Mamie:—"Well—er—yes; it wasn't very well done, to be sure."

The mercury seems to have mastered the weather alphabet pretty thoroughly. It has got down to the Z row.

A fortune-hunter, while wedding an heiress, in repeating the marriage service, unwittingly, but most aptly; said, "With all my goodly words I thee endow."

Said the water tank to the pump:—"I cannot marry you, but I shall always be a cistern to you."

"You girls want the earth," said a State street father, when one of his daughters asked him for six dollars for a new jacket. "No, papa," said the ingenious child of twenty, "not the earth—only a new jersey."

Nice life a married man leads when every time he asks his wife for a cup of tea he knows she'll make it hot for him.

As they left the concert hall Alfred said, with great enthusiasm. "And did you notice her fingering? Wasn't it superb?" "Yes," replied Mr. Bernheimer. "It was a beauty. It must have cost \$2,500."

The eagle is a tough bird, but when it is put on the back of a dollar it is a legal tender.

When Frank James, the ex-railroad bandit, paid his first freight bill since going into business, he is said to have shed tears because he had never known what "train robbery" was before.

The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

Bagley:—"Yes, sir, the man who was not moved by tears is a hard-hearted brute. Tears are a wonderful power among us." Bailey:—"Yes, I once knew a farmer who moved his horse barn with his steers."

— The anarchists don't like American laws, but they will get the hang of them after awhile.

A man has been arrested in a western town for attempting to explode a dynamite bomb in the basement of a theatre. There is very little encouragement for a man to undertake to "elevate the stage" in this country.

The reason why Mrs. Langtry wears a black boa in cold weather is because she doesn't like her white chin-chilly.

He was indolent. "I just worship that man," said a silly girl he had mashed. "You are a heathen," replied her companion. "I don't see how I am." "You are worshipping an idle, that's how." They are no longer friends.

A dispatch says:—"A dam yields at Franklin." That's the trouble with these dams—they break loose too easily.

The Japanese Premier, Prince Kung, addressed General Grant, when he was in Japan, in English, so called. Endeavoring to compliment him by assuring him that he was born to command, he said, "Sire, brave generale, you vos made to order."

A pickle firm has just failed. Very naturally a firm of that sort knows quickly when its sour has come.

Hereafter it will be harder for a needle to get lost in a haystack than for a man to get a drink in Rhode Island.—Philadelphia *Times*. It's odd how these typographical blunders occur. What the Philadelphia *Times* evidently intended to say was that it is easier for a needle to get a drink in a haystack than for a man to get lost in Rhode Island.

It is not strange that the girls should go almost crazy over the spring flowers. Most of the flowers themselves are wild.

"I want some dye stuffs," said the old lady, as she entered the drug store. "All right, ma'am," said the new boy promptly, "we can give you arsenic, strychnine, chloroform, laudanum, and if you want something right sudden, for family use, I can put you up a pint of some new Hannibal whisky with the cornmeal floating in it." But the old lady got mad and wouldn't be appeased. That is—she got madder and madder.

The favorite hymn of the pious electrician ;
"I'm going home to dynomo !"

Instead of calling their city fathers "burghers," as once they did, New Yorkers now think "burglars" the proper name for them.

Mrs. Spriggings remarks that she would rather fool with a bee than be with a fool.

"It requires only two things to run a successful campaign," said the politician. "And what are they?" asked a bystander. "Dollars and sense."

When a man orders lemonade and it is sent to him, he ought to realize that his sour has come.

"It is not the big hog that pays," remarks the *Mirror and Farmer*. This is very true. The big hog always makes the other fellows pay.

Water melancholia is a slow death and a somewhat painful one, but, all things considered, it is less objectionable than green appleplexy.

"I promise to love, honor and be gay," said a bride in church, much to the horror of the venerable groom.

"O no," said the cucumber to the muskmelon, "you cantelope with me. I am quite capable of carrying on business alone and unaided."

There is a man out in Illinois whose name is Joseph Gotobed. He is said to be of a very retiring disposition.

A Nebraska farmer says that acres and acres of corn are growing this year without ears. It is probably tired of hearing about the low prices.

It is a curious thing that on the railroads it is the freight rather than the steam that makes the cargo.

In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled for goods, the letter "l" had dropped from the word lawful, and it read:—"People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

A butcher should be very prompt in his engagements—especially when he engages to meat a man.

Out in Oklahoma suspicious characters sometimes walk out of town and sometimes they go by rail.

We consider this business of making fun of women who catch sight of a mouse a holler mockery.

A poet sang:—"Two Chords I Struck." Perhaps he struck because he was too lazy to saw them.

The sign "beware the dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

They have "potato socials" in Kansas. The name may be from the fact that the young folks go there to pare.

"Miss DeWiggs has a very mobile countenance," observed Mr. Snaggs to his wife. "Yes," was the reply, "I believe she came from Alabama."

Friend:—"Sluggard! The sun was up hours ago." Old rounder:—"Yes; but it wasn't up all night, as I was."

"What becomes of the old moons, pa?"
"The old moons, my son? Why, they die of new-moonia, to be sure."

"Yes," said Fogg, "as a success I have always been a failure, but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."

The parents of a pair of Boston twins named one Simul and the other Taneous because they were born at the same time.

A New Jersey farmer has set his boy up in the bootblackening business. In this way the old man makes hay while the son shines.

Ancient Greek coins have been discovered with the figure of a horse on them. Thus we learn at last where horse cents originated.

CHAPTER III

Sunbeams

"Lord, what fools we mortals be."

To remove paint—Sit down on it before it is dry.

He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he:—"Take whiskey, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark:—"Thank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand treat or die.

People call it "putting up" at the hotel because there is so much that they have to put up with.

"You don't mean to say, John, that you are going to have a steam heating arrangement put in the basement, do you?" "I do, Maria," said John, with iron firmness. "I'm going to keep those feet of yours warm this winter if it costs \$1,000!"

There is no place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.

We splash and skip, we slide and slip, we grumble, growl and jaw, through slush and slop we wade and flop, oh, January thaw! With soaking feet we walk the street, the worst we ever saw; it is no joke to be in soak, thou January thaw.

The ages of spring chickens and women are the most doubtful subjects on this little earth.

Blobson (indignantly):—"I declare, that band is trying to play! I would like to kick myself for subscribing to the thing." Mrs. Blobson, rushing to the window:—"No, 'tain't the band! It's Sprigg's tin-peddler's cart. The horse is running away."

This is a free country and a man has an inalienable right to be miserable if that makes him happy..

"You have a great deal of wind here, don't you?" inquired the tourist. "Well, ye-es," said the native, "we have; but"—brightening up—"it doesn't belong here; it all comes from away down in the southwest, somewhere."

Coal is so high that it is only the millionaire who can afford to heap coals of fire on an enemy's head.

Mrs. Popinjay:—"Socrates, why don't you say something to Angelina about sitting up so late with young Poseboy?" Mr. Popinjay:—"Me? Why, I rather like it. It saves worrying about burglars."

Many a broadcloth husband owes his prosperity to the fact that he married a gingham girl.

Husband (all ready for the theatre):—"I declare, dear, it's raining hard." Wife (buttoning her gloves):—"Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church."

It is never too late to mend; but a man cannot expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

A farmer said:—"One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that you can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

If doctors were only as wise as they looked there wouldn't be any sickness in the world to speak of.

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

It is not every bicycle rider who can lower the record, but it is a poor bicycle that cannot lower the rider.

A woman in Pawtucket dreamed she would die at noon the following day, and busied herself during the morning getting her grave clothes. Not to be behind, her husband went out to have a weed placed on his hat. When the deceased saw this she got mad, and has been quite alive ever since.

When a man sees a football match for the first time he thinks it is two baseball teams having their inning with the umpire.

Superstitious people claim that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal, we should say, on the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.

"I do not desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

"Longevity? I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six feet two, Bill was six feet four, and George he had more longevity than any man I ever saw. He was six feet seven if he was a foot."

A Georgia debating society recently debated the question :—"Did Zeke Slade's tobacco barn burn up or down?" It was decided that it did.

St. Peter:—"I see you were a bank cashier during the greater part of your life." New spirit:—"Yes. I was cashier and president of a country bank." "How much did you steal?" "Nothing." "How much money was placed in your care during that time?" "Millions." "How much were you paid a year?" "About twelve hundred dollars." "Here. Take my place."

A ghost invaded a drummer's room in Ohio, but as soon as the drummer began to talk the ghost disappeared. The ghost evidently knew a thing or two.

In the icy season there are but few citizens in good and regular standing.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultured people say "how do you do?" Those who are less precise say "howdy do?" In the backwoods of Tennessee they say "howdy?" The noble red man of the west says "how?" While the cat on the fence says "ow?"

It is said that Goethe's death was hastened by his hearing an American pronounce his name.

"The judge then proceeded to charge the jury," read Mrs. McGudley from an account of trial, "Now, ain't that dreadful," she commenced, as she laid down the paper. "To think of taking those men away from their business and settin' them down to listen for days and days to all sorts of talk from the witnesses, and then charging them for it. It's an outrage, so it is."

It is said of poor whites of North Carolina that when they move all they have to do is to pour a dipper of water on the fire and call the dog.

A frog which depends on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a schoolhouse.●

“Will you love me when I’m old?” sang the ancient soubrette. “How old?” came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped showing a century plant in full bloom.

It appears to be an established truth that an ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanations after you have said it.

Toddlekins is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping young fellows, and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

“What will you give me for my horse, deacon?” “Why, you’ve only got the frame up, John; when he’s done I’ll look at him.”

An Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. “No,” replied the man. “Then,” replied his worship, amid peals of laughter, “it’s a good thing for your wife.”

City Nephew :—" Well, what do you think of New York ? " Country Uncle :—" Waal, it's a pretty big place, but 'tain't much of a place fur pastur."

Boston young lady (in the country) :—" And did you really paint the barn yourself, Uncle James ? " Uncle James :—" Yes." Boston young lady :—" By hand ? " Uncle James :—" Sartin." Boston young lady (fetching her breath) :—" Think of it, a hand painted barn ! "

Eighteen women met together and prayed for rain, and when the rain descended, seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrella.

There must be something awful the matter with this country. It consumes about \$22,000-000 worth of patent medicines yearly. The "hair restorers" alone are enough to cover the whole of New England with a crop of hair ten feet high and as thick as a cane brake, and yet New England is baldheaded to a pitiable degree.

When a man becomes firmly convinced that he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trousers leg.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that "amateur performances are permissible in Lent"—probably because they are afflictions rather than amusements.

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

"I often wonder what my ancestor Adam said when he first met Eve." "Was he an ancestor of yours?" "Certainly." "Then I guess he asked her to loan him two dollars."

Mr. X. was paying attention to a rich widow. "Madam," he said, as he offered her a bouquet, "you grow more and more beautiful every day." "You exaggerate, my dear, sir," exclaimed the lady, very much flattered. "Well, then, let us say every other day."

"You can live within your income if you try," says the wise man. Yes, but how to live without an income is the puzzle that bothers a great many good men just now.

A Kansas man points with pride to the fact that his wife has worn one bonnet twenty-five years. The feeling with which the wife points to the husband has not been described.

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper.

Of the 408 men who make up Congress, only 284 are connected with churches, remarks the *Advertiser*. A great responsibility has been lifted from the churches.

"I say Bobby," said Featherly, "did you hear your sister say if she enjoyed the exhibition we gave last night?" "She was pleased with your part of it, Mr. Featherly. She told ma that you made a perfect exhibition of yourself."

Baroness Burdett-Cutts says:—"If a young man wants to be economical, he must marry." She ought to have said, "If a young man wants to marry he must be economical."

Wife (at Niagara Falls):—"How grand and awe-inspiring it all is, John." Husband (drawing a long breath):—"Yes, but don't talk, my dear; I want to listen to the roaring of the waters."

With a Confederate guard on duty an officer was discussing matters and remarked:—"You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?" "Form a line, sir!" "What! one man form a line?" "Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir!"

Considerable amusement was occasioned about the ticket seller's stand at the circus by an overgrown youth who brought along the family Bible to prove that he was entitled to half fare.

Robert J. Burdette recently received a notification at Livingston, Mo., that a dead registered letter awaited his orders at Washington. He sent the following reply:—"If the letter referred to isn't so dead that it is offensive you might send the remains to Burlington, Iowa, where I will claim the mummy in about a month."

Deacon :—" I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of baseball being played on the vacant lot near the park." Wife :—" Was it that which made you so very late, deacon ? "

" Sacred to his memory," said Fogg, reading the legend on the tombstone of his dead friend Hawkins; " why Hawkins never had any memory. He never could remember anything for five minutes in all his life."

A young lady visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone :—" Lie down, sir ! lie down ! "

Diner :—" Waiter, how came this sleeve button in my soup ? " Waiter :—" Sleeve button ? Is that so, sir ? Beg pardon. We never put sleeve buttons in tomato soup ; only collar buttons. Let me exchange it for you, sir."

Wife (reading the paper) :—" Here is an account of a man in Iowa who has sold his wife for seventy-five dollars. Isn't it dreadful ? " Husband (thoughtfully) :—" Well, I dunno. Seventy-five dollars is a good deal of money."

An exchange says that "a Michigan man has a curiosity in the shape of a calf covered with wool." There is nothing startlingly strange about this. "As soon as we can get our socks darned we will have a couple of calves covered with wool."

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

Turning to the post office clerk who had just sold him a stamp, and smiling in an idiotic way, he asked :—"Do you understand the language of stamps?" "Yes," responded the man, "placed in any place except the right hand corner means 'I am a fool.'"

Boarder :—"Seems to me this chicken must be rather a peculiar breed." Boarding-house Keeper :—"It is not so tender as it ought to be, I know, and I can't imagine why, either. It's a genuine Plymouth Rock." "My ! my ! Come over in the Mayflower, eh?"

CHAPTER IV

Short Chapter for Ministers

"Turn over a New Leaf."

CITY PARSON :—" Going to have the hay fever this year ? " Country Parson :—" No ; my congregation can't afford it."

"What do they do when they install a minister ? " inquired a small boy ; "do they put him in a stall and feed him ? " " Not always," said the father ; " sometimes they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it alone."

A Maine minister was recently treed by a bear and kept there for an hour. He says he will never preach a long sermon again in his life.

A young preacher picked up Bishop Pierce's hat and put it on his head, and it was exactly his own fit. " Why, Bishop," said he, " your head and mine are the same size." " Yes," replied the Bishop, " on the outside."

An elderly minister at a social party where the young people were dancing, being asked if he danced, replied :—"No, I am not educated on that end."

Minister (at the baptismal font, to father) :—"Name, please?" Father (with impediment in his speech) :—"Jo-Jo-Josephine Smith." Minister (unaware of the impediment) :—"Joe, Joe, Josephine Smith, I baptize thee, etc." (Consternation of the family.)

"Our dear sister," said the Nebraska pastor, "has gone to a better land—that is, if there be any better land than can be found right here in the Missouri bottoms."

We heard the other day of a young minister who was very handsomely "taken down" by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday-school, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question, "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations held up her hand and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

Country minister :—" Little boy, what will your father say to your fishing Sunday?" Little boy :—" If you kin wait a minnit he'll tell you. He's jest gone to dig more bait."

An unknown man stepped up to the Rev. Mr. Talmage once and said :—" Well, sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" devoutly ejaculated Mr. Talmage, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.

A thief stole a Brooklyn clergyman's coat, and in the pocket he found the manuscript of a sermon on "The Wages of Sin." It is not often that a thief's punishment is so swift.

Young Man (to sexton, at church door) :—" Isn't the sermon almost done?" Sexton :—" About an hour yet. He is only on his 'lastly.'" Young Man :—" Will it take him an hour to get through his 'lastly'?" Sexton :—" No; but there's the 'one word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient, young man! Your girl won't spoil!"

A pastor has on the wall of his study in large, but not too conspicuous letters, for the benefit of his visitors, this scriptural benediction :—
“The Lord bless thy goings out.”

A minister's little daughter, who had been to church for the first time and heard her father preach, was questioned by him on reaching home as to how she liked the sermon. There was an embarrassed silence ; then the little maid, tired out with the long strain of “being good” and yet anxious not to offend in any wise, made answer, with a little long drawn breath of patient resignation :—“You preached awful long, papa, but I beared it.”

Some one asked an old lady about a sermon, “Could you remember it ?” “Remember it ? La, no ; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down.”

The Bishop of Oxford sent to the church wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was :—“Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith ?” The warden of Wallingford replied :—“He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage.”

Minister:—"I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on this earth for his misdeeds." Neighbor:—"Oh, yes, I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach." The parson walks on a little perplexed.

A young minister on probation took for his subject the "Prodigal Son." His auditory, select and secure, were unmoved by his eloquence for half an hour. He would now touch them with his fine fancies; he would appeal to their tenderest feelings. "My dear friends (with a sigh), the fatted calf! Notice! not one of Pharoah's lean and ill-favored kind; not one of five yoke of oxen—great ugly beasts, but a sweetly, pretty, gentle, amiable fatted calf. No doubt," added the speaker, with deepening pathos, "it had been the children's dear little pet for years!"

Sister Theysay:—"I grievously regret you leave our church, dear pastor." Pastor Peaceful:—"You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better servant to fill my place." Sister T.:—"I have no such hope. Of the last thirteen pastors we have had every one has been worse than the other."

It is related of a popular clergyman that he startled a dull prayer-meeting recently by announcing that he "didn't propose to act as umpire for a sleeping match."

The Rev. John Brown was in the habit of proposing, on festive occasions, a certain young lady as his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason. "Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without making her Brown and so I've resolved to toast her no more."

"My young friend?" he said, solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?" "Yes, sir, regularly, every Sunday night," replied the youth. "I'm on my way to see her now."

Rural Deacon:—"Yes, Mr. Divine, all the congregation was pleased with y'r sermon, an' the committee is thinking of givin' you a call, but the fact is we ain't sure whether you'll suit or not." Preacher:—"Would you like another trial sermon?" "Wall, no, that ain't necessary; but, if you don't mind, we'd like you to send y'r wife to this town for a few days so the womin folks kin git a look at her."

A Lowell minister preached last Sunday on "Why do the wicked live?" We don't know, surely, why they do, but we might suggest mildly that if the wicked didn't live it would be a cold day for the ministers.

"You attend Sunday-school, do you?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie. "Then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Now tell us something nice that's in the Bible here, can you?" "Yeth, thir; Sis hath some dried leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's weddin' dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair, and Sis's fellow's picture."

Minister (dining with the family):—"Bobby, I suppose when you grow up to be a man you will want to be an earnest Christian, won't you?" "Yes, sir, if it doesn't interfere with being a drum major."

One of our Bishops, when pastor at Stamford, Conn., asked a little boy afflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher. The little fellow replied:—"I I w-w-w-would l-l-like the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering, b-b-but the s-speaking w-would b-b-b-bother me."

"And now, my dear brethren, what shall I say more?" thundered the long winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.

A country minister who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," he said to the groom, who was nervous and excited as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye on that crack in the wall and try and look pleasant."

Mrs. Smith:—"What do you suppose makes the new minister so undersized? He looks as if he hadn't got his growth." Mrs. Bascomb:—"I dunno, but I kind o' suspect he was brought up on the Shorter Catechism."

"If I could afford it," said a prominent New York Baptist clergyman at dinner, "I'd insure my life on the endowment plan, the insurance to fall due when I am sixty, for I notice that they generally put the ministers in the dry dock when they are sixty." "Surely not Baptist ministers!" exclaimed a young lady at the table.

Minister:—"My dear brethren, in this warm, oppressive weather, I can excuse a little drowsiness during my sermon, but I do wish you would try to keep awake while the collection is being taken up."

Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, tells this story: He was visiting his home in Maine, and an old fellow-townsmen began a theological discussion with him. "Parson," said he, "the Bible says that the Lord made the world in six days. Do you believe it?" "Yes." "Now, do you think that he finished the whole thing up in that time?" "Yes." "Well, all I can say is that he could have put in one more day to mighty good advantage right here in this town."

Minister (dining with the family):—"You were a nice little boy in church this morning, Bobby. I noticed you kept very quiet and still." Bobby:—"Yes, sir, I was afraid of waking pa up."

At Adrian, Mich., a lady saw an engine house with a steeple, and innocently asked a gentleman attendant:—"What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign, "De-luge No. 3," replied:—"I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

A certain clergyman, who recently had an overcoat and umbrella stolen from his hall, thinks that the thief is likely to turn up in the world where neither overcoat nor umbrella will be essential to comfort.

A certain divine, who had wandered in the course of his travels, beyond the conveniences of the railroad, was obliged to take to a horse. Being unaccustomed to riding, he said to his host:—"I hope you are not so unregenerate in these parts that you would give me a horse that would throw a good Presbyterian minister?" "Wall, I dunno," was the reply. "We believe in spreadin' the gospel."

The minister stubbed his toe as he ascended the lecture platform. "Darn"—he said, audibly, and then turning to audience, continued—"ley was blown up by gunpowder in 1568."

A commercial traveler, wishing to take a rise out of a clergyman who occupied the same compartment, asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris, as often as a priest was hanged, a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied, in his blandest manner, "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

A man has sent twenty-five dollars conscience money to a church. It is supposed that he always slept during the sermon and was at last awakening to the fact that he ought to pay for his lodgings.

"My brother," earnestly spake the good clergyman to the dying financier, "do you feel perfectly safe and happy?" "I do," replied the dying man, faintly, "I do." "You are on the river's bank," said the clergyman, solemnly, "and——" "Yes, I know it," interrupted the dying man, "I know it. And that's Canada on the other side, isn't it?"

Tommy:—"I wouldn't want to be the preacher's little boy." Aunt:—"Why?" Tommy:—"O, he's got hundreds and hundreds of slippers. They are scattered all over the house."

"I think," said the minister, who was visiting a parishioner, "that it is easier to coax children than it is to drive them. Gentle words are more effective than harsh ones." "I think so, too," said the lady, tenderly. Then she raised the window and suddenly shouted to her boy:—"Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud puddle, I'll break your back."

The men who marry most frequently for money are the ministers.

A Maine clergyman told a friend that he had great difficulty in putting his youngest child to sleep at night. The friend waggishly asked :— “Did you ever try the effect of reading one of your sermons to him, doctor?” “Why, no,” replied the good man, in all seriousness, “I never thought of that.” After his departure the friend’s wife remonstrated with him for playing on the simplicity of the reverend gentleman, but was herself scarcely able to restrain her risibles when some time after the minister called again and remarked :—“Oh, do you know that I adopted your husband’s suggestion of reading one of my sermons to my boy, and it worked like a charm.”

An up-town rector was writing his sermon for Sunday, when his little girl came into his study. Taking her upon his knee for a moment, she looked at his manuscript curiously, and turning to him in a thoughtful way, said :—“Papa, does God tell you what to write?” “Certainly, my child.” “Then what makes you scratch so much of it out?” queried the little one.

The New Minister:—"Six hours' sleep is enough for any man." The Absent-minded Deacon:—"Good gracious! You don't preach as long as that, do you?"

Bishop Temple somewhere relates that when he was once worshipping in an East End church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those sitting near him may be imagined. At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a workingman on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognizing the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the bishop a sharp dig in the ribs, and the latter, on turning round for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones: "I say, guv'ner, you dry up; you're spoiling the whole show."

A Lynn clergyman relates that on one occasion, after marrying a couple, an envelope was handed to him which he supposed of course contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written, "We desire your prayers."

The title of George W. Cable's latest lecture is "Cobwebs in the church." It may be guessed that Mr. Cable makes some sweeping statements.

A one-legged preacher in a Georgia town once upbraided a young man for carrying a gold headed cane. "There are no gold headed canes in heaven," said the man of God. "No; and I guess there are no wooden-legged preachers there either," was the rejoinder.

When a preacher in Hutchison, Kan., announced as his text last Sabbath, "Ye are the salt of the earth," the congregation rose simultaneously and indulged in prolonged cheering.

A pastor some time since sought financial help for an important charity. Among those he asked to give something was a lady who, unfortunately, bore a vinegary face. She declined to give money, but promised to lend her countenance to the cause. He retired in dismay.

The Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Shawmut church, Boston, preached on Sunday in defence of the mother-in-law. This is a sort of progressive theology that has something to commend it.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting, "why do those people shout so loud, is God deaf?" "No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind he is a good way off."

"We don't have such sermons as they had when the apostles preached," said Mr. Nevergo. "No," replied the parson, "and we don't have the congregations as the apostles had, either. Paul might have preached to my congregation for six weeks and then they'd be two months behind with his salary."

An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a church dignitary for kindly taking on emergency a village service. "A worse preacher would have done us, sir," he said, "if we only knew where to find him!"

A California woman who had \$50,000 up as margin on stocks went to her pastor and asked:—"Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for stocks to go up?" "Certainly, I do," was his reply. "Well, what shall I do?" "You might pray that they shouldn't go down, ma'am."

Country Minister (to deacon) :—"Deacon, you have a reputation of knowing something about horses. I've got an animal that's balky. What do you do in such a case?" Deacon :—"I sell him."

It is whispered that a good pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had a second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from :—"You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."

A clergyman was delivering a funeral oration at the grave of a general. A crowd of officers stood around the speaker who wound up as follows :—"In short, it may be said with truth that the deceased general never had an enemy in his life."

Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style, "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

A church in a country town had been erected and a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed. Thereupon he rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A minister overtook a Quaker lady and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in town, he said, "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr. ———. Haven't you heard me preach?" "I have heard thee try," was the quick rejoinder.

CHAPTER V

Food for Smiles

"Neat, not Goody."

THE best way to get the meaning of Browning's poems is to use a can-opener.

Brown :—" You are looking bright and happy this morning, Dumley." Dumley :—" Yes, I'm out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday. I tell you, Brown, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world."

The Englishman who said that hugging was "armless" was wrong. It is 'armful.

"I don't think much of the scenery in this part of the country," said a western man on a Central Hudson train bound north. "Give me a prairie every time. "What's the matter with the scenery in this part of the country?" asked a fellow-passenger. "You can't see any. Them hills and mountains are in the way."

A man in Nebraska is in jail for *stealing* a quantity of sausages. The evidence against him is said to be conclusive. Not a link is wanting.

Whatever may be said of Wagner's music, it must be said that the title of one of the composer's greatest works possesses a potency of its own. The word "Gotterdamerung," spoken forcibly, vehemently and distinctly to an audience of back yard cats is just as effective as profanity, and yet is not wicked but Wagnerian.

A girl at Bar Harbor being told by an old boatman to keep her boat well trimmed went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the gunwales.

Two passengers on the train became involved in a very heated controversy, which finally waxed so hot that one of them called the other a liar. "What's that, a liar?" and he was on his feet. "Yes, a liar," was the emphatic response, "or my name ain't John Smith of Smithville." "What, the hardware merchant?" "The same." "Mr. Smith, I am delighted to see you. I represent Messrs. Sharpedge & Co., of New York, and can show you a line of samples that will make your hair curl."

The people of Siberia buy their milk frozen. In that locality the enterprising and thrifty milkman is occasionally caught cutting ice and white-washing it.

"Terrible storm that, last evening, George."
"Didn't hear it, old man." "Didn't hear it? Man alive, it thundered fit to wake the dead!" "Ha, I thought I saw lightning, but I didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife is visiting her and they haven't seen each other for ten years."

"Don't you think my daughter has quite a remarkable voice?" "She certainly has. But I wouldn't be discouraged. She's young yet and may outgrow it, you know."

Society Belle:—"Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted." Mother:—"What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. De Brass hasn't a cent to bless himself with and won't have until his father and grandfather die." Belle:—"The Mr. De Brass I am referring to is the grandfather." Mother:—"Oh, bless you, my children."

There are four kinds of tobacco—the long cut, short cut, fine cut and Connecticut.

Clerk: “I worked off some of that packed butter to-day.” Grocer:—“Indeed! whom did you send it to?” Clerk:—“Mrs. Blank, around on Dash street.” Grocer:—“Great guns! Why, I board with her.”

There’s a good deal of socialism and anarchy about a mince pie.

“Did you see my picture in the paper to-day, dear?” inquired a young traveler who had taken quite an interest in politics, as he came into the house the other evening. “Yes. I did—and—and——” Here she burst into tears. “Why, what’s the matter? Why does it make you cry?” “Why, Jack. I’m so disappointed. If I had known you looked like that I’d never have married you.”

Robinson (after long whist bout at the club): —“It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?” Brown (in a whisper):—“Oh, I shan’t say much, you know. Good-morning, dear, or something of that sort. She’ll say the rest.”

"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a helpless drunkard. "To drown my troubles." "And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, hang 'em they can swim."

"How many birthdays do you think I've had?" one person was heard to say to another on the horse car. "Oh, about forty-seven," hazarded the person addressed. "Only one birthday. The rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.

"After taking off my winter clothing," says Dr. Hammond of New York, "I wouldn't appear on the street for a while." Not immediately, we hope, certainly.

A Missouri farmer recently learned that the grand jury was about to indict him for working on Sunday. He didn't try to evade the charge, but on the contrary had his four sons summoned as witnesses against him. He was fined one dollar and costs, a total of five dollars. But as the mileage and witness fees of his sons amounted to \$10.40, the family cleared \$5.40 on the transaction.

Western town boomer:—"We're bound to have a big population here." Stranger, (mired in principal street):—"Yes, fellows who get in here once will never get out again."

"I am very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?" "Weel, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it's just reet for our oin minister to run the risk."

One swallow does not make a summer, of course not; but one summer makes an immense amount of swallowing.

Mrs. Col. Yerger is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Col. Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course, he was called on for an after-dinner speech. Col. Yerger got up, and, assuming an imposing position, began:—"Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared——" He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger, saying:—"Why, colonel, you knew it perfectly this morning."

Magistrate (to plaintiff with a lump on his head):—"If your wife threw a sadiron at you, why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff:—"I did, your honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

There is an old lady who owns a very intelligent Newfoundland who some time since acquired the habit of occupying grandmother's chair whenever he found it empty. Threats and even blows failed to start him. The old lady finally, when she wished to occupy her seat, opened the window and cried out:—"Cats! cats!" which was too much for Bruno, who rushed to the window while grandmother rushed for the chair. This worked well for some time, but one day Bruno found grandmother seated, and after walking round, he jumped to the window and began the most violent barking. This was too much for grandma's curiosity, who went to the window to see the cause of the outbreak, when Bruno made a dash for the chair, and held possession in spite of the cry of "cats."

A Nebraska farmer has unearthed the skeleton of a woman eight feet high. Some poor cave dweller had to trot around mighty lively between the wood pile and the pump, and don't you forget it.

As an incentive to young ambition it would be interesting to know how many people of prominence there are in our country who can look back to the time when they used to go to bed while they were having their trousers fixed.

This has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota :—" Fore miles frum a naber ; sixteen miles frum a post offis ; twenty-five miles frum a railroad ; a hundred and atey frum timber ; half a mile frum watter ; God bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his wife was plucking him after the festivities, " the tar ain't no special use, but there's most a dollar's worth of feathers on me."

Omaha man :—" As your first baby is a boy, I suppose you have the privilege of naming it." Young father :—" Yes, siree. I wouldn't allow any one else to name that cherub." " Have you thought of a good name for him yet ? " " Dozens of them, splendid names : just the thing ; but they won't any of them do." " Why not ? " " My wife won't have 'em."

A correspondent wants us to tell him "which is the proper attitude for a fisherman, standing or sitting?" Neither, innocent one; lying is the only position in which he feels entirely at home.

"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday." "Yis, Mr. Ellis, I was; bless me, if I weren't a-lyin' in the gutter with a pig. Father Ryan came along, looked at me an' says, says he, 'One is known by the company they kape.'" "And did you get up, Patrick?" "No,—but the pig did."

A teacher writes:—"What will you charge to publish an advertisement of a high school four inches long?" A high school four inches long must be such a curiosity that people will go and see it without any advertising.

Young masher (to ballet-dancer, behind the scenes):—"Who is that divine creature in pink, with wings of a butterfly?" Ballet-dancer:—"That is my mother, Mr. Masher." Young masher:—"No, no; I mean the leonine blond, nearer the footlights!" Ballet-dancer:—"O! that is my grandmother."

A Boonville school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked, "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in Boonville."

"Maw, how I perspire." "Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again." "Do you want me to say 'sweat'?" "No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."

Fitznoodle (who has remained to an unreasonable hour Sunday night urging his suit):—"Then am I to understand, Miss Breezy, that you will not be my wife?" Miss Breezy (sleepily restraining a yawn):—"That is it exactly. There is a yawning gulf between us."

"How styles have changed since I was a girl," said an old lady. "When I was young we used to wear our dresses up to the neck and gloves with only one button. Now they wear the gloves up to the neck and only one button on the dress."

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, after he had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

Mrs. Muggins:—"It's raining, and Mrs. Goodsoul wants to go home, and I have no umbrella to lend her except my new ten-dollar one. Can't I let her have yours?" Mr. Muggins:—"Cracky! The only umbrella I've got has her husband's name on the handle."

Two young men out riding were passing a farmhouse where a farmer was trying to harness a mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen. "Of course he will," said the farmer, "he draws the attention of every fool that passes."

"Do you think," she asked dreamily, as he sat beside her at the circus, "that this is the same elephant I saw when I was a child?" "No," he answered, with scornful candor, "you know elephants only live to be two hundred years old."

Young man (to editor) :—" What do you think I ought to get for the poem, sir ? " Editor :—" You ought to get ten dollars." Young man (overjoyed) :—" Oh, that is fully as much as I expected." Editor :—" Yes, ten dollars or thirty days."

The man who has a brand new typewriter, and leisure, and lots of linen-wove manuscript paper, cannot help feeling that he has it in his power to make a big literary reputation for himself, if he can only think of something to say.

Mistress, " Why Mary, I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder." Mary :—" Yes, mum, an' I did make it up ; but the master came in to put on a cane collar, mum, and he lost the button."

They say out west that the appearance in a town of a stranger in a pair of muddy boots is sufficient to start a real estate boom, and if he manages to have an odor of petroleum or natural gas about him, the excitement is immense.

Old Gent :—" Why does your father go around begging instead of working ? " Little Boy :—" He begs so he can get money to buy whiskey. " " But why does he drink whiskey ? " " So he can get up courage to go around and beg. "

CHAPTER VI

Jokes For the Colored Population

“Can we desire too much of a good thing?”

Ef dar am a place o' torment fur anermals, de bolky hoss am gwine dar.

Sam Johnsing, an Austin colored man, has a mule that balks. After Sam had belabored the mule for an hour the animal trotted off all right. “Dar,” said Sam., confidentially to the mule, “dar, you see. Ef yer would only do what's right we mout lib tergedder jes like two brud-ders.”

“Uncle John, can you tell what time it is by that thermometer?” “Yes, sah—wintah-time.”

An old ducky of Charleston, S. C., was fully impressed with the importance of the exigency when, between the shocks of the earthquake in that city he prayed:—“O Lord, come down here now yerself, and doan send any of yer family, kase dis ain't no boy's play.”

Some horrible joker has discovered that a negro cured from sickness by homœopathy is a sugar-cured Ham.

Mr. R. de Pell (with asperity):—"The proprietor wants to know who I am? I'm Mr. Philip Ferdinand Horton Rhinelander de Pell."
Waiter:—"Well, yo' oughtn't ter git mad at me, sah; I hadn't nuffin ter do wif given yo' dat name."

A colored woman was heard informing a neighbor that the storm the night before frightened her so she "shook like an ashpan."

Rastus (a late acquisition from the cornfield on presenting a visiting card to his mistress):—"Mum, there's two of 'em waiting at the door."
Mistress:—"Why on earth didn't you invite them in?" Rastus:—"Sartinly, mum, you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?"

"Yes, Uncle Cicero, I've got a job for you, but it consists in sawing that pile of wood out there. I've nothing for indoors." "Well, sah, I's berry sorry, but I'll have to decline, sah. I can't afford to have the passing public think I bet on 'lection. It would hurt my reputation, sah. Good-day, sah."

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"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrunk so that the po' chile kin ha'dly walk in um. Won'er how I gwan to fix up?" "Try washin' de chile. May be he shrink too."

Mr. Puffer (who has recently "struck it rich") :—"Pete, I am going to get you a coachman's livery; what do you think of that?" Pete (who has been "hired man" for years) :—"Yes, sah, I would like it very much, sah. It would distinguish me from the rest of the family, sah."

Dolphus :—"Dat am a fine turkey yo' got, Rastus. Am it dry picked?" Rastus :—"No, Dolphus, hit wah rainin' wery ha'd when I picked dat bird."

"What's the speed of that horse?" was asked of an old colored man who was leading a sad looking equine into a blacksmith shop. "Which way?" "Why; I don't see that it should make any difference which way he's headed." "Dat's kase you don't own him, sah. His speed when he's gwine home jist keeps a stop watch bobbin' all over, but when he's comin' away fum de ba'n you kin catch his time by a terbacker box."

An old negro preacher divided his sermon into two parts :—"Fust all de things in de text, and second, all de things not in de text ; and, bredren, we'll wrastle wid de second part fust."

"Good heavens, Washington, how does your master live in such a mosquitoey hole as this?"

"Well, sar, the fact am, at night Mars George am so intoxicated he don't give a cuss for the skeeters, and in de morning de skeeters am so intoxicated they don't give a cuss for Mars George."

Customer (in restaurant) :—"I say, waiter, how about that broiled spring chicken? I ordered it half an hour ago." Waiter :—"Yes, sah ; be here in a minute. Dat spring chicken died wery hard, sah."

Bob Ingersoll recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters. "Do you really believe, aunty," said he, "that people are made out of dust?" "Yes, sah ; the Bible says dey is, an' so I b'lieves it." "But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud?" "Den I s'pects dey make infidels an' sich truck."

"And now," said the colored preacher, "let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth."

A succession of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother:—"What's the matter with Billy?" Colored servant:—"Please, ma'am, he is crying about the jewberries." "He can't have any more. He'd had four saucerfuls already." "Dem is de berry ones he is whooping about. He's all swolled up."

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher, "but I'd rader hab de reumetiz in one leg den hab it in de bof."

Ex-Secretary Lamar tells the following story of his experience at a political meeting in his own state soon after the war. He was one of the speakers, and alluding to the civil war, suggesting as a parallel case the parable of the prodigal son and the joyful reception at his home when the naughty boy returned. He was succeeded by a negro, a Republican, who, after some general remarks, paid his remarks to Lamar's parallel. "Forgiben!" he said. "Dey forgiben—dem brigadiers! Why, dey's come walkin' into de house an' bang de do', go up to de ol' man an' say: 'Whar dat veal?'"

Citizen :—" Why do you write ' Col.' before your name, Uncle Rastus ; you are not a colonel ? " Uncle Rastus :—" No, sah ; de ' Col.' stands fo' cullud."

" Where are you going with the watermelon, Uncle Rastus ? " asked a gentleman. " I's gwine to hab my photograph taken, sah." " What do you expect to do with the melon ? " " I wants ter look at it, sah, while de photograph am in process of construction, so's ter git de right expression on de face, sah."

Mr. Suburb :—" Uncle Rastus, I wish you'd go over to my place and clean out my hen-house." Uncle Rastus (with a grin) :—" What ! In broad daylight, sah ? "

Magistrate (to Uncle Rastus) :—" I am sorry to see you here, Uncle Rastus. Only a week ago you experienced religion, and now you are up for chicken stealing." Uncle Rastus :—" Yes, yo' Honah, but it 'quires mo'n er week, sah, fo' ter git to be much ob a saint."

" How old are you, Sambo ? " " Well, sah, I's goin' on er hundred yeahs." " Indeed ! Is it possible ? " " Yes, sah, but I's got quite er little ways further to go yit."

"Sambo, would a ten-dollar gold piece stop your mouth?" Sambo:—"It might, boss, but I'se pow'ful feared it ud leak roun' de aidges—you bettah try a twenty."

A hotel guest at the Thousand Islands asked the colored waiter what game he liked best, he received the reply:—"Almost any kind of game'll suit me, but what I likes best is an American eagle served on a silver dollar." And he got it.

Magistrate (to witness):—"Do you know the nature of an oath, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus:—"I reckon I does, yo' Honah. I's owned a balky mule for foahteen yeah."

Mistress:—"See here, Uncle Henry, there was as much as a bushel of corn left in a bag out here by the door last night. What do you think has become of it?" Uncle Henry:—"Dun'-know, missis, but 'spec' dem pesky hens eat it up." Mistress (with small respect for Uncle Henry's ideas meum and tuum):—"Two-legged hens, I guess, sir?" Uncle Henry (gravely):—"Well, missis, de hens about hyah am mostly constructed on dat ar principle."

During the recent freeze in Florida the washing froze stiff on the lines in some places. Negroes declared that "de good Lord starched all de clothes for us in de night."

Jim and a young African companion were one day fishing from the wharves. His friend missed his footing, fell into the water and was drowned. Jim's grief was so uproarious that a sympathetic by-stander inquired if the drowned boy was a relation. "No," said Jim, through his tears; "he warn't no relation, but he mout's as well been—he had all the bait."

The Boston *Record* gives this as an old darky's prayer:—"O Lord, ranshack de worl' all ober on a white horse and gib us all charity like bounding brass and a simple tingle!"

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus):—"So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus:—"Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at." Citizen:—"Well; no not very much, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus:—"But she hab fohty-seven dollahs in the bank, boss, and she hab promised to gib me de power ob attorney-generalship."

Customer (getting his hair cut) :—" Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then ? " Barber (re-assuringly) :—" Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah."

"Thirty days, Uncle Rastus. It's disgraceful that an old man like you should get drunk ! What would you think if you were to see me reeling along the street under the influence of liquor ? " Uncle Rastus :—" I would think, yo' honah, dat yo' was habbin' a moighty fine time without no danger ob gettin' sent up fer it."

Boston landlord, to porter :—" See if the gentlemen in parlor F. have finished discussing their dinner." Porter, returned :—" Dey is fru eatin', boss, but dey ain't done cussin' it yet."

Magistrate :—" You are accused of stealing chickens, Uncle Rastus. Are you guilty or not guilty ? " Uncle Rastus :—" I pleads not guilty, yo' honah, an' inquests de privledge of frowing meself on de mercy ob de cou't in case de evidence goes again me."

Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry, but afterward she'll jerk it down into position as if she was throwing a door-mat out the window.

Guest:—"Waiter, bring me some rice pudding." Waiter:—"Boss, I can't jess recommend de rice pudding to-day." Guest:—"What's the matter with it?" Waiter:—"Nuffin 'cept dar ain't none."

"Uncle Ben, your son was fooling around my hencoop last night, and I came very near catching him. He had his hand on a chicken, but let it go when he heard me." "Boss, did yer say he had a hand on a chicken an' den let it go?" "I did." "Den't warn't none ob my sons. Dat nigger warn't none ob my raising."

"Hole on dar," said a colored man, hailing his acquaintance. "Does yer cross the street ebery time you see me, to keep me from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What den?" "Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."

"Erasmus, you are sure these are spring chickens?" "Yes, missus. Dey war broughten up rite under my own eye." "You watched them growing all last spring?" "Yes, missus—an' all spring afore dat! Yah, dey is spring chickens."

A pious old lady urged an eccentric old colored man to go to church. "Missus," replied he, "I hain't forgot what he said when I was dar last. When I forgit all dat, I'se gwine back and git some more."

"Wat dat, judge! Yer ax me wat my wocashun am?" "Yes; what is your vocation? I mean what do you do for a living?" "Ah, yesser, yesser; I understands yer now. Wat I does for a livin' is—my wife takes in washing."

Customer (in restaurant):—"Waiter, this chicken soup has feathers in it." Waiter, "Yes, sah. If yo' want soup made outen chickens dat am old 'nough to be bald, sah, yo'll have to go to some odder 'stablishmen'."

Backslide Jehnsing, being nearsighted, mistakes the weathercock for a fugitive from the chicken roost. "Yer needn't roost so high, chicken. I ain't goin' to touch yer. I'se refo'm'd."

Citizen:—"Now that you are out of state prison, Dolphus, what do you expect to do for a living?" Dolphus:—"Well, I dunno quite yet, boss, but I s'pec' I'll have ter take 'er job wif one of these trust companies."

Excited Sister :—" I wish I was a June bug." Parson :—" Whaffor, Sister Snowball?" Sister :—" So I could fly to der heabenly mansions." Parson :—" Fool, niggah, woodpecker ketch yer befoah you git outen de woods."

Mr. Lookout :—" You have a good cheek, Johnson, to steal my chickens and then try to sell them to me ! " Johnson :—" Why, boss, I thort you'd pay better price fur fowl you'd raised yerself. You'd know what yer buying."

Dominie Johnson :—" Now I hopes when de plate am passed 'round ' dat all de bredren and sistern dat have experienced 'ligion, will remember dat dat kind of experience has to be paid for just as well as any other ! "

Farmer :—" Hi, there ! Can't you see that sign ' No fishing on these grounds ' ? " Colored Fisherman :—" Co'se I kin see the sign. I'se cullid, boss, but I ain't so ignorant as ter fish on no groun's. I'm fishin' in de crick ! "

CHAPTER VII

Up and Down the Line

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

LOVE may be blind, but marriage is a very successful eye doctor.

The Seabrook, N. H., selectmen have decided that a hen is not an animal. All those that have ever dined at a boarding-house will agree with them. The hen is a mineral.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.

A scientist has discovered that the mosquito's mission is to purify stagnant water. Why in the name of common sense doesn't he keep away from people, then, and attend to business?

He:—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. He:—"Can I not help you, my pretty maid?" "You can work the pump handle, sir," she said.

A fifty-dollar suit of clothes won't cover up a fifteen-cent man.

"You can always tell a man who has once been a clerk in a hotel," says an exchange. Our experience has always been that you can't tell him much. He thinks he knows it all.

It may be better to be right than to be president, but the salary is smaller.

A local joker remarks that philosophers differ about the antiquity of the arithmetic; and he asks:—"Why don't they own up at once that the serpent in the garden was the first adder?"

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing.

"Beautiful!" said the drummer. "Sixty birds in two hours, and only missed two shots." A quiet gentleman sitting in a corner of the hotel office put down his paper, rushed across the room and grasped him warmly by the hand. "Allow me to congratulate you, sir," he said, "I am a professional myself." "Professional sportsman?" "No; professional liar."

It is absurd to speak of the "footprints of time," when it is well-known that time flies.

"I'm afraid I'm crowding you, sir," said a fat lady, as she partly sat on a meek little man in the corner of the car. "I don't mind it, ma'am," gasped the meek little man. "I live in a flat."

The sun never sets except in the west, but a hen will set anywhere. This shows how far more liberal minded than the sun a hen is.

A scientist says, "no one need have any fear of a male wasp. He has no sting." The trouble is that a fellow isn't positive as to its sex until after it has been interviewed.

A man who does not think as you do is apt to be pig-headed.

She (thoughtfully) :—"George, dear, are there not times in your life when the pathos and truth of that most beautiful of all songs, 'Home, Sweet Home, There Is No Place Like Home,' appear to you with startling vividness, and fill your soul with longing?" He (a baseball player) :—"Yes, indeed, particularly when I'm on the third base with two men out."

Some of the milkmen hang pails of milk down the well to keep the milk cool. Some of them use too much rope.

A suicide who killed himself with a revolver said in his farewell note :—"I know it was foolish to commit suicide, but please see that I get credit with the public for knowing that it was loaded."

"You know," she said as a clincher, "that woman is the salt of the earth." "Yes," replied he, savagely, "and the pepper, too."

First farmer :—"Ever been up ter the city?"
 Second farmer :—"Once." "Only once, eh? Got took in, did ye?" "Yes; but I'm getting even on them there city folks now." "Ye air! How?" "I'm takin' city boarders."

There is no change in the style of fishing tackle this year except that the jug has more body and not quite so much neck.

When you reflect that at picnics a hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-bye, all the enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.

Some people's photographs would look better if they would only get other people to sit for them.

"Do you not think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?" "Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith shop in Essex:—"No horses shod Sunday except sickness and death."

"Young men believe in nothing nowadays," says Mrs. Rambothum, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up a Christian, and now he's an acrostic."

At a recent breach of promise trial, eight letters were produced which told the story pretty clearly. The first began:—"Dear Mr. Smith," and then followed, "My Dear John," then "My Darling John," "My Own Darling Jack," "My Darling Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," "Sir," and all was over.

We often read of a man finding a pearl worth twenty-five dollars in an oyster, but we never heard of an oyster worth twenty-five dollars being found in a pearl. Will some old scientist please explain the whereforeness of the whichness of this rule that refuses to work both ways?

There isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.

It was somewhere in New Jersey that a man got somewhat mixed in Scripture and said :—
“Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night.”

Generally speaking, the gentleman who has just accepted a situation is not a bit happier about it than the man who has just got a job.

She wanted to take lessons in archery, but was very, very verdant. “Have you a bow and quiver?” asks the teacher. “Ye-ye-yes,” she hesitated, “I have a beau, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming for two months now, and I'm used to it.”

There are two kinds of window curtains—the self-rolling kind that won't stay down, and the kind raised with a string, that won't stay up.

"No," sadly said the stranger at the restaurant as he looked at the cup of coffee handed out to him; "you can take it back. I haven't the heart to attack anything so weak as that. It's against my principles."

Diffident lover:—"I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner." She:—"Sheep, you mean. Bears hug people."

Brown:—"That's a very killing bonnet your wife wore to the theatre last night." Smith:—"So I believe. The fellow who sat behind her twisted his neck off trying to see around it."

"They never throw anything away in New England," said T. B. Aldrich, "they always put it up in the attic."

Mr. Hayseed (to wife, who is returning from church):—"What was the sermon about?" Mrs. Hayseed:—"Suthin' about Joseph goin' daun to Egypt to buy corn." Mr. Hayseed, "Did the dominee say what corn was wuth daun there?"

"Drummer, eh?" "Well, I'm traveling for a bank." "Pretty good pay?" "Yes, if I get across the Canada line."

The public look upon the college yell as a useless accomplishment, but in later years, when some of the boys get into the itinerant fish business, they find it comes in powerful handy.

"I hear you have an addition to your family, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown (sadly):—"Multiplication, my dear madam—twins!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bascom to her neighbor, Mrs. Ponsonby, "I always did admire Deacon Samuels. He is the most dignified looking man when he is asleep, that I ever saw."

Farmer:—"After you get through digging, what are you going to do?" Amateur gardener:—"Put a porous plaster on my back."

A Missouri girl waved her hand at a stranger and in three days they were married. Two days later the young wife waved a flatiron at her husband and the next evening he came home waving a divorce. What were the wild waves saying?

The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

Farmer's wife (limping into the house):—"That brindle cow kicked me, John, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken." Farmer:—"Gash ding that critter! Is the milk spilled?"

Many a man who thinks he is going to set the world afire finds to his sorrow that somebody has turned the hose on him.

"This is a cold, cold world!" sighed a young man, as he stopped aimlessly in front of a Detroit clothing store the other day. "Dot vas so, mein friend," replied the proprietor, who was standing in the door, "but ulsters vas so cheap as dirt!"

Husband (dressing):—"Where in the world are my boots, my dear?" Wife:—"On the mantelpiece where you left them last night."

An exchange says of a successful man who has just died, "He began life a barefooted boy." One would think that most persons were born with number ten cowhide boots on.

A Wisconsin man has married his mother-in-law. There are no braver men in the world than are raised in the pineries of Wisconsin.

A man in a western town hanged himself to a bed-post by his suspenders. The coroner's jury were some time in coming to a decision in the case, but the foreman, who was a native of Erin, finally announced that the "deceased came to his death by coming home drunk and mistaking himself for his pants."

"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," advises a poet. That's all well enough, but supposing misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?

An extreme specimen of a dandy alighted from a rickety coach and went around front to pay the driver. The poor rack-o-bones mare turned her head to gaze at the dude: "Yes, Navey," said the rustic driver confidentially to his horse, as the passenger moved away, "that's the derved thing you've been a drawin'."

There are few disappointments in life equal to that experienced by a man who expects he is going to sneeze and suddenly discovers that he can't.

A Chicago man paid \$1,000 for an Indian Bible recently. It is peculiar how much more a man will give for a Bible he can't read than for one he can.

Etiquette says :—" The husband's card should always accompany that of his wife upon all formal occasions." We don't know much about the game, but it strikes us that if the wife holds both bowers and the ace, backed by a couple of good side cards, she might venture to play it alone without the assistance from her husband.

Russia has placed a tax of one kopeck each on every egg sold in the kingdom, and the hens kopecking around with every mark of dissatisfaction.

Sharpely was invited the other day to a dinner by old MacSkinflint. In due course of time two chops made their appearance. " You see your dinner," remarked the host. " Yes," replied Mr. Sharpely, helping himself to both of the chops, " but I don't see yours."

Visitor :—" Your new house is very pretty, but you will have trouble to do anything with the garden, it is so small." Country Host :—" Yes, it is small, but then I shall put in folding beds."

Mary, in the poem "Mary had a little lamb," is now seventy years old and still hale and hearty. The lamb, however, is dead. We ate a piece of it last week.

A woman bought eleven yards of cloth and paid for it in butter, giving three pounds of butter for a yard. There was a stone weighing five pounds in the centre of the crock, and the dealer cheated her a yard and a half in measuring the cloth. Who was ahead in the trade and how much?

The reason why pure air is such a scarcity in railway cars is because air is a bad conductor, and it wouldn't do to have two of them on a train.

Pueblo Barber (pausing a moment in his reckless pursuit):—"Were you going to say something, sir?" Customer (faintly):—"Y-y-yes; I w-want to ask you w-where you b-bury your dead."

A Chicago man bought a \$155 incubator, put \$25 worth of eggs in it and hatched out a blue-bottle-fly. Now he brags of having the only \$200 blue-bottle-fly in the country.

Harold :—" I love you, Mabel ; will you be—
er—my sister ? " Mabel (absently) :—" That
can never be, Harold ; but I will always be a
wife to you. "

" John, John, there's a burglar in the house !
I hear him at the cupboard ! " " Where you
put that pie ? " " Yes. Oh, John, where are
you going ? " " I'm going down to rescue
him. "

" You have no idea, " said the landlord, " how
much it costs to run this hotel. " " Oh, yes, I
have, " said Whitegoods, " I paid my bill this
morning. "

Customer (to waiter) :—" Some cheese,
please. " Waiter :—" Beg pardon, sir ; very
sorry, sir ; cheese out, sir. " Customer :—
" That so ? When do you expect it back ? "

" I am going to buy a light coat to match
these pantaloons, " he remarked to his wife the
other day, " and a light pair of gloves to match
the coat and a light, soft hat to match —— " "
Your head, I suppose, " interrupted the spouse,
gently, and the household knew no harmony
that day.

Old man (from the floor above):—"Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?" Young man (nervously):—"Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away."

Magistrate (to Chinaman):—"What is your complaint against this young man, John?" Chinaman (unable to collect his laundry bill):—"He too muchee by-and-by."

Young Mr. Waldo (at the opera, to Miss Breezy of Chicago):—"Isn't that lady seated immediately behind us eating peanuts?" Miss Breezy:—"Yes, and isn't the odor delicious?"

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

"How dared you sell me bad fish yesterday?" asked an angry housekeeper of an itinerant fishmonger. "'Twas your own fault, ma'am. I offered it to you five days before."

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his sweetheart—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they are married—that's labor.

Good housekeeping says that "alcohol will clean silver." Correct. If used as a beverage it will also clean out greenbacks and gold, and healthy complexion, and brains.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin):—"In your matrimonial fishing, Maude, if you should make a catch like me what would you do?"
Maude:—"Throw it back in, Charlie."

A New Hampshire farmer got caught in a barbed-wire fence and had to stay there for five hours. He confided to his hired man that he never got so tired of swearing in his life.

Mrs. Popinjay never uses slang, but she came very near it, the other day, when she caught her lazy chamber maid sitting at ease in the parlor, and exclaimed, "Now you get up and dust."

CHAPTER VIII

This Chapter is for the "Blues"

"Who are little wise, the best fools be."

A DEBT of gratitude is too often compromised at about ten cents on a dollar.

Wife:—"Mrs. Hendricks is to give a small informal tea party to-morrow afternoon to a few ladies, and I was wondering if I had better wear gloves." Husband:—"I have always understood that on such informal occasions the ladies handle each other without gloves."

When a man buys a porous plaster, whether he likes it or not, he generally sticks to his bargain.

In one of the natural gas towns the local paper tells some striking experiences that followed its introduction. One cook gave her mistress prompt notice to leave, as she would never be willing to "cook God's meat with hell fire."

Coming home at 2 A. M., he found his wife dressed in deep black, and inquired the reason. "Mourning for my late husband," she replied.

Men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting a collar-button instead of having an extra supply and letting their wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for a pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he walks around in his bare feet.

It was a Chicago man who said, on his return from the Eternal City, that Rome was a fair-sized town, but had evidently seen its best days.

Two fashionably-dressed young ladies were walking down street, one on either side of a young gentleman, extremely swell in attire and equally meagre in proportions. A street gamin grinned at them, then remarked dryly, much to the discomfiture of the dude: "Ain't much ham in that sandwich!"

What's the use of closing the saloons on Sunday? The police won't go to church anyhow. If the saloons are open on Sunday, the people know right where to go when they want a policeman.

A New Yorker shot at his wife, but the bullet hit nothing but her store hair. It is very hard to get at the exact boundaries of a woman nowadays.

An agricultural exchange asks:—"Do sheep exhaust or enrich land?" Well, we hardly know. The last time we had anything to do with sheep, the animal was of male persuasion; and we got over the land so quickly that we didn't have time to note the influence which sheep exert upon it.

"Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. Oh, yes; give him to us; deliver him into our hands. He occupies the next office, and we can't get at him.

She (calmly):—"I think there is a burglar in the house. Listen." He:—"Oh, that's a mouse you hear." She (excitedly):—"William, why do you seek to play upon my fears that way? You know it isn't a mouse."

Glass eyes are now made to so closely resemble the human optic that an Ohio woman has had a drummer arrested for winking at her with one.

He stood under the window and sang, "How Can I Leave Thee?" But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back to the house and wept.

Once upon a time, when Joseph Bonaparte lived in the State of New Jersey, he was traveling to New York in his own carriage, attended by his *suite*, and they stopped over Sunday at a country tavern. When they were about to start Monday morning the bill was demanded, but mine host could not conjure up items to make the footing over ninety-two dollars. The exiled Bonaparte grew impatient, and at last the landlord, inspired by an original idea, wrote: "To making a blanked fuss generally, eight dollars." This made the desired total \$100.

Smith:—"I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?" Brown:—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."

Of eighty girls landed at Castle Garden recently, fifty-two were red-haired. As they all went West, scientists will, no doubt, soon begin to see and diagnose red sunsets again.

A Michigan woman has picked and sold enough blackberries this season to buy her husband a shot gun. She concluded that it was cheaper than a divorce and more likely to be loaded.

One of the hardest things for a man to understand is why those women who wear sealskin sacks would not be without them for the world, and why those who don't, wouldn't wear one of the horrid things anyway.

Isaacs (instructing his son) :—" Ven you zell a coat to a man vat wants a coat, dot's nodding, aber ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't want a coat, dot's peezeess, my poy—dot's peezeess."

A party, including the chief justice of the United States, with other legal personages, once sailing together, it became very rough and the usual consequences followed. The chief justice, with kind commiseration, said to one of the sickest limbs of the law, " My dear fellow, isn't there something I could do for you ? " " Nothing," replied the sufferer, " unless your honor could overule this motion."

The late Oliver Ditson left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen millions wouldn't house half of them.

"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Uppersea. "I'd like to make his life miserable."
"Tell you what," said her husband, warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him."

CHAPTER IX

For Lawyers to Read

“ I mean you lie—under a mistake.”

As a rule lawyers are a brave class of men. “ It’s conscience that makes cowards of us,” you know.

“ The born poet,” truly remarks Miss Cleveland, “ has no agony in his song.” Indeed, no. It is the poor wretch who listens to his song who lies awake and moans for the chloroform.

Lawyer :—“ I have my opinion of you.” Citizen :—“ Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150.”

“ Let’s see, you’re a witness in that case which comes off to-morrow, aren’t you ? ” queried Wigwag. “ Yes,” replied Filtrip. “ Which side summoned you ? ” “ I don’t know.” “ Don’t know ? Why man alive, how are you going to testify, then ? ”

Amid all the mutations of time it has never yet been discovered why a lawyer calls any legal document a brief.

Senator Makey, of Texas, is reported to be the biggest bean eater in the Senate. An excursion from Boston will be organized to go to see him, as soon as the weather moderates.

Magistrate to a witness:—"What is your profession?" "A lawyer." "Well, try to forget it while you are giving your testimony."

"Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impertinent young fop to a car conductor. "'Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing!" was the extinguishing reply.

Wolves in Minnesota tried to chase a lawyer over the snow, but he got up a tree and subponæd six of them with a revolver.

Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on sleep in a health paper):—"John, is it best to lie on the right side or the left?" John (a lawyer):—"If you are on the right side, it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."

"What I Told My Wife," is the title of a new book. It is needless to say that it is fiction.

The Rutland *Herald* tells of a young lady who was thrown from her carriage on her head. Just why any Rutland girl is allowed to roam around with a carriage on her head we can't understand. It's a mighty dangerous practice.

The great trouble with the pug as a professional beauty is that his skin is made to fit a shorter dog.

An advertisement in a Swiss paper reads: "Wanted, a servant who knows how to cook and take care of children." One would naturally infer that children do not need much looking after if they are once thoroughly cooked.

Transferable :—"Mary, I should be delighted had I as much hair as you." "Wall, mum, yez can borry it any toime yez loike."

"Gents," shouted a small boy, as he poked his head into a Fourth avenue street car, "did you mail the letter your wife gave you this morning?" and six men simultaneously pulled the bell-rope and hurriedly left the car.

Dude:—"You have been looking straight at me for the last five minutes. What is it?" Farmer:—"That's just what I was wondering."

A farmer in this country, having read in a poultry journal that "hens having dark plumage lay earlier and more frequently than those of light color," immediately went to work and dyed seventeen white hens black.

A Vermont postmaster recently received the following order from a box-holder:—"Postmaster, please give my male to the bear."

"The weather is over me a little this morning," remarked a Frenchman recently, who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language in this city. He had meant to say that he was a little under the weather.

Every dog has his day, and the summer boarder has found out that a country dog's day begins about four o'clock in the morning.

"Now then," said a busy lawyer to a number of waiting clients, "you are next, sir." "I'm what?" "Next." "No, you don't," said the client, moving toward the door. "I didn't come in here to get shaved."

A Detroit organist played a fantasia on "I am a Pirate King" by way of encouraging the deacons in taking up the collection.

Judge:—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner:—"Well, all I got to say is, I hope yer honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy."

Mr. Gotham:—"Isn't it a long time since you kissed me, love?" Miss Boston:—"I can't remember, really. Wait till I refer to my diary."

Lawyer:—"Now, Mr. Witness, are you willing to solemnly swear that the chair was facing the east? Remember, sir, the awfulness of perjury." Witness:—"Well, I won't swear, but I'll bet you ten dollars it was."

For close application to business, nothing on this footstool exceeds a mustard plaster.

They say that a Bangor lawyer, noted for being absent-minded, went up his own stair the other day, and seeing a notice on his door, "Back at two o'clock," sat down to wait for himself.

At the table d'hôte: First epicurean:—"Will you kindly pass the old cheese?" Second ditto:—"Just wait one moment; it is coming this way."

"Here, boys, stop that fighting." "We ain't fighting, mister; we are playing politics." "What do you mean, then, by scratching each other, and pulling hair, and kicking each other's shins?" "Oh, you see, him an' me is on one side, an' we're lettin' the other boys see how much harmony there is in the party."

Louise:—"Does your father approve of your engagement?" Lily:—"Oh, yes; papa thinks George real smart. In fact, he pinched papa last week in a wheat deal."

"Is Mike Howe on board of this train?" asked a man, approaching an engineer who was oiling up his locomotive. "I don't know anything about your cow," replied the engineer, sharply. "I am the engineer, and not the cow catcher of this train."

Husband:—"A word to the wise is sufficient, my dear." Wife:—"I know it, darling. That's why I have to be continually and everlastingly talking to you."

Perhaps there are several great men in this country who might be lifted out of it by an act of Providence without increasing our sense of loneliness.

A loving couple in a neighboring state a few days ago dyed for one another. The man was frosted with the snow of seventy years, while she who was to be his bride had the raven locks of forty. He dyed his hair black, thinking to please her, and she, ignorant of his noble sacrifice, bleached her hair white to please him. There were grave looks when they met.

It takes a calm disposition and a very vivid imagination in order to get the impression that you are tobogganing when your feet slip from under you on the icy sidewalk.

Jack Borrowit:—"There's no use in trying to economize, Tom. The money is bound to go one way or another." Wiggins:—"Why, what's the matter now?" Jack Borrowit:—"Why, I've been walking home every night for a month to save my carfare, and now Mrs. Pancake has raised my board on account of increased appetite!"

"Ah," said Jehokes, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother's eyes—and my hair," he added, as the youthful prodigy grabbed him by the foretop.

A parish clerk once gave out that Mr. A. and Mr. B. would preach every Sunday to all eternity. He meant alternately. Another mistake was that there would be no service next Wednesday 'kas master had gone a-fishing for another clergyman. Officiate was the word intended.

Lawyer's clerk:—"Will you have a chair, miss?" Boston girl:—"No, thank you; I wouldn't know what to do with it. But I'll sit down, if I may."

"My gracious, fraulein, you don't seem to realize that I belong to the oldest nobility. Do you know what that means?" "Oh, yes, quite well. It means that it is a very long time since any one of your family has done anything worth doing."

When a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman on the witness stand last week, she exclaimed, "I am a lady, and by thunder don't you forget it."

Young Doctor :—" Well, I've got a case at last." Young lawyer :—" Glad to hear it. When you get him to a point where he wants a will drawn telephone over."

The meanest church organist lives in Philadelphia. He is all bent up with age, and the other day, at the wedding of an antique Philadelphia belle whom he knew many years before, he astonished everybody by playing a fantasia on the air, "When You and I were Young."

"I have met this man," said a great lawyer the other day, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen." And for a minute he couldn't understand why everybody laughed so uproariously.

"Yes," said a Kentuckian, who had been in the far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whiskey. Let 'em once get the taste of whiskey, an' they'll give up everything for it ; an old chief out in western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else, for a pint of whiskey I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him ?" "Not much ! That was the last pint I had left."

An exchange has a poem by James Russell Lowell entitled "The Finding of the Lyre." From recently published correspondence, we judge that Mr. Lowell has found him.

A couple of burglars ransacked a lawyer's house. The legal light was aroused by the midnight marauders, and just as they were about to leave his room he handed them a pasteboard. "My card," he said. "If you are caught by the police you may need counsel."

One of our lawyers being asked, a few days since, what a contingent fee was, said: "If I bring a suit for you and lose the case I get nothing; if I win the suit you get nothing."

Good Minister (making a pastoral call at Mrs. De Fashion's):—"Come here, my little dear. Can you tell me why all social festivities stop during the forty days of Lent?" Little Girl:—"Cause the winter clothes is worn out and the spring clothes isn't ready yet."

Counsel (for defence):—"Gentlemen of jury, if ever there was a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparsion with similar cases this case is that case."

"What do you grow on this land?" he inquired of the farmer, who was leaning over a fence inspecting a particularly barren piece of ground. "Grow lazy," was the satisfactory reply.

"Is any one waiting on you?" inquired a polite salesman of a Westville maiden. "Well, I can't hardly tell," she blushing replied. "Sometimes I think there is and then again I ain't certain, but Will's sort of funny, you know," and then she blushed again, and asked to look at some lace collars.

Alarmed pedestrian (picking up a painter at the foot of a ladder):—"My poor man, are you hurt much?" Painter:—"Only three ribs broken. But I went down with colors flying, didn't I?"

"It's a \$100 dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money. "Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."

"I can't understand all this fuss about using electricity for executions," remarked Judge Lynch, of Kansas, reflectively. "Out in our section we have used the telegraph poles for years."

Spectator (to defendant):—"Well, I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was certainly very much in your favor. Don't you think so?" Defendant (moodily):—"Oh, I knew all along that the judge's charge would be all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worryin' me."

He:—"You pretend you're drowning, love, and I'll jump in and rescue you." She:—"Not much! I tried that last year, and the only thing the gentleman did was to run a mile up the beach for assistance."

A lawyer of St. Paul was looking over some papers his German client had brought and every signature had a menace in it as it stood: "A Schwindler." "Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some way; write your first name, or something? I don't want people to think you are a swindler. Well, my Got, sir, how much better you think that looks?" and he wrote: "Adam Schwindler."

Dumley:—"Robinson, I want your advice. Brown, I hear, has referred to me as an inspired idiot. What had I better do?" Robinson (thoughtfully):—"Well, Dumley, I think you ought to make him take back the word inspired."

Lilian Whiting says "sleep is almost a lost art," and suggests that a society be formed to encourage experiments in sleep on the part of American women. If Lilian were to dismiss her young man before 2 A. M., and object to his calling seven nights a week she would get more sleep and change her opinion about the luxury being a lost art.

There are sixty electric bells on W. K. Vanderbilt's farm. Whenever a hen lays an egg she is required to touch one of these bells instead of cackling. It answers the same purpose and is a great saving of energy for the hen.

Some men are always superior to circumstances. A Nebraska man was carried forty miles by a cyclone and dropped in a widow's front yard. He married the widow and returned home, worth about \$30,000 more than when he started.

A letter has just been disintombed in Pompeii, just where the district messenger boy lost it 3,000 years ago. The boy is supposed to be still alive and slowly wandering along in the direction of the house at which the letter was to be delivered.

A western paper was running a serial story, last fall, called "The Truth." One week, so much space being devoted to the earthquake, the editor was unable to run the weekly installment, and so made the truthful announcement, "'The Truth' is crowded out of this issue by more important matter."

An Illinois muskrat pawed the lid off a milk can, crawled in and, after feasting to the full, pawed around so frantically that he churned the remaining milk into butter and climbed out on it. Moral: Never despair when you get into a tight place.

"Steward," he said feebly, in the small hours of the stormy night, trying to turn over in his berth, "Steward, what's that?" "The sailor on deck, sir." "Yes, but what did he say just now?" "All well, sir." "My, what a liar!" And then he turned over and moaned.

A chap, who is camping out, wrote home to a chum this week, who is to join them Saturday :
“Dear Charlie :—Before you come call around at all the neighbors and at my house and get all the grub you can find. Bring down all the money you can. We’ve struck an expensive crowd of girls.”

Very Considerate Magician (pointing to a large cupboard) :—“Now, ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty to introduce to you the last piece of the programme. I beg a lady of the audience to ascend the stage and enter this cupboard. I will close it, and when it is opened she will have disappeared entirely.” A man to his wife :—“Here, old lady, you go on the stage !”

CHAPTER X

For the Doctors

"He is a man of unbounded stomach."

A DOCTOR always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.

"There is a couple of nice cucumbers, doctor," said the green grocer, "all I've got left. I was going to send 'em over to the Smiths, but if you want 'em you can have 'em." "No," replied the doctor, hastily, "let the Smiths have them. They are patients of mine."

The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag occasionally.

A doctor in an Ohio town, who lives on a street leading to the cemetery, has a reversible sign. Usually the sign presents his name and office hours; but when a funeral passes, he turns it over, and then the following legend is displayed: "Not my patient: I cure all who follow my directions."

Young physicians are often angry. At least, they are sometimes found out of patients.

Doctor :—"What, drinking beer again, contrary to my strict orders? Didn't I tell you that every glass was a nail in your coffin?" "I can't give it up, doctor, that's a fact, and so I have been saying to myself. What does it matter when you are dead and gone if your coffin does look like a hedgehog?"

Fortunately for the self-esteem of the rest of mankind, doctors are not half as wise as they look.

A very loquacious lady, calling one day to consult her physician, talked on and on with such volubility that the latter could not get in a word edgewise. Growing impatient, he at length told her to put out her tongue, which she did. He then said: "Now please keep it there till you have heard what I've got to say to you."

First Physician :—"Did old Coupon's case yield to your treatment?" Second Physician :—"It did. I treated it six months and it yielded something like \$1,000."

Lady (who had a sick husband):—"Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?" Doctor (absent-mindedly):—"No, madam, not until he gets well."

Physician (to Mrs. Col. Blood of Kentucky):—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood:—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician, with a grave look:—"H'm, still flighty."

A prominent physician says dancing tends to softening of the brain. He is probably in error, but there is no doubt that softening of the brain tends strongly to dancing.

The *Medical Gazette* alleges that the following letter was received by a physician from a man whom he knew, practicing medicine and desiring counsel: "dear Dock, I have a pashunt whos physical sines show that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have drop down into his stumick i have given hym everry thin without efeckt her father is welthy honable and influenshal as he is a member of assembly and god nose I don't want to loos hym what shall i do ans by return male. Yours frat."

"Well, Ned, I hear that you have been sick. My brother doctored you, did he not?"
"Yes, sah, boss, he wuz to see me seberal time. Howsomeber, I managed to pull through in spite ob all dat. Dis nigger am mighty hard to kill, sah, he am for a fac."

A:—"The crop of young doctors in New York is going to be very large this year." B:—"Yes, but what will the harvest be?"

"Your are going too fast," said a physician to a rapid young patient, "much too fast, and you will have to haul in your horns." "Well, doctor, I will do my best to follow your advice; but I really don't see how I can get away with any more horns than I am hauling in now."

"I hear that Filkins is sinking slowly." "Well, you couldn't expect him to sink rapidly. He has had no doctor, so far."

Doctor:—"You need more sleep, my friend. That is the whole trouble with you. What is your business?" Patient:—"I'm a policeman." Doctor:—"Then it must be something else, but I surely thought it was loss of sleep. After all, perhaps you don't take enough exercise."

Servant Maid:—"Madam, the doctor!"
Lady (who is having delightful call from a neighbor):—"It is impossible to see him now. Say that I am ill!"

Doctor:—"Yes, madam, I think you are overworked." Patient:—"But do look at my tongue, doctor, and tell me why it looks so badly." Doctor:—"Oh, that is the result of overwork. Keep perfectly quiet and it will look better."

Mrs. Drew, a pretty Connecticut widow, while walking in her sleep fell into a well. Dr. Down, who was up, drew up Mrs. Drew, who was down.

"Who is your family physician, Freddy?" asked Mrs. Hendricks of the Brown boy. "We ain't got none," said the boy. "Pa's a homeopath, ma's an allopath, sister Jane is a Christian Scientist, grandma and grandpa buy all the quack medicines going, Uncle James believes in massage, and brother Bill is a horse doctor."

"Doctor," said a lady who wanted a little advice gratis, "what do you do when you catch cold?" "I cough, madame," was his polite reply.

Doctor :—" Well, my dear, what seems to be the seat of your disease?" Patient :—" It doesn't seem to have any seat, doctor. It's just jumping up and down all the while."

Doctor :—" What ails you, sir?" Patient :—" I don't know, doctor; I have such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue?" Doctor :—" No, never mind, bring your wife around some day; I'd like to look at hers."

Doctor :—" What you need is a change of climate?" " Why, doctor, we've had all kinds of changes—rain, sunshine, heat, cold, calm and storms—right here within a week."

" Well how is this, my dear sir?" inquired the local practitioner; " you sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked with small-pox, and I find you suffering from rheumatism." " Well, you see, doctor, it's something like this," said the patient; " there wasn't a soul in the house that could spell rheumatism."

" Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" " Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was purgery."

"The doctor said he'd put me on my feet again in two weeks." "Well, didn't he do it?" "He did, indeed. I had to sell my horse and buggy to foot his bill."

Doctor's wife:—"I understand that Mr. Cureall confines himself strictly to office practice." Old doctor:—"Yes, that is why he succeeds. People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help."

A young physician of New York refused to go duck hunting with a party of friends. He said the ducks were too personal in their remarks when addressing him.

Physician:—"How did the sedative powder effect your wife last night, Mr. Smith?" Mr. Smith:—"Disastrously." Physician:—"Disastrously? Wasn't she able to sleep?" Mr. Smith:—"Sleep? Why, the baby cried from midnight until morning, and she slept through it all!"

"Dear," said a physician's wife as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. Goldberg sitting in a draught." "Never mind," said her husband. "I will cash that draft later on."

A physician says:—"If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." How does he expect a boiled child is going to thrive?

A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door. "It's none of your business how our milk is made," was the indignant response, and the door slammed most emphatically.

Doctor:—"Did you take the rhubarb I ordered?" Patient:—"Yes, sir." Doctor:—"How did you take it?" Patient:—"In a pie."

An estimable physician, who is dabbling in real estate, recently forgot to give the necessary instructions along with the prescription. On being aroused from his sleep to tell the family how the medicine was to be administered, he replied, "One half down, and the balance in one and two years."

City man:—"Is this locality healthy?" Countryman:—"Healthy? You bet we're healthy. We've got ter be. There ain't a doctor within forty miles."

Wife:—"Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind!" Doctor (who knows Benjamin):—"Don't trouble about that—he can't go far."

"In case of an accident, doctor—a broken leg, for instance—what is best to be done while waiting for a physician?" "Well," said the doctor, "I think the best thing to be done is to get his money ready for him."

The M. D., who remarked that it is not healthy to sleep in the daytime was rebuked by the D. D. who says that people who attend church generally have excellent health.

Indignant physician:—"Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him." Druggist (a calm man, accustomed to abuse):—"Vell, what vas der matter mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der right perscription und dat killed him. How can somebody blease such a man?"

Medical Professor:—"What great art must every physician master before he can succeed?" Smart Student:—"The art of concealing his ignorance."

Medical professor (to student) :—"In a case which you find difficult to diagnose correctly, what is the proper course to take?" Student :—"Look wise and say nothing."

"Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me." "I will. But, in view of the peculiar nature of your case, I shall want my fee in advance."

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrows, generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

Doctor (surveying his newly papered office) :—"This is a very bad job of paper-hanging; a very poor job, sir." Paper-hanger :—"I'll have to admit, doctor, that the job isn't first-class. Unfortunately we paper-hangers have no way of burying our poor jobs."

A woman called at a doctor's office a few days ago, and discoursing about her ailments, said :—"I think I'd be all right if I took an epidemic."

"I have mislaid the book containing the names of my patients," said a physician. "That is no serious loss," replied a friend; "you can find most of them on the tombstones in the cemetery."

"I have diagnosed your husband's case carefully, my dear Mrs. Burtley," said the young physician, "and I find he is suffering from rheumatism in the pedal extremities." "Oh, my grief?" exclaimed the old lady in distress. "It's wusser'n I thought. Poor John said the pain was all in his feet."

Buxom Widow (at evening party):—"Do you know the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?" Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor):—"No, ma'am." Widow:—"You don't know if yellow means jealousy?" Dr. Crusty:—"No, ma'am, yellow means biliousness."

"Are you getting much practice yet?" asked an old physician of a young friend who had recently started. "Yes, sir, a great deal, thank you," replied the young beginner. "I am glad to hear it. In what line does your practice lie particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

Doctor (to convalescent patient):—"I have taken the liberty, sir, of making out my bill." Patient (looking at bill):—"Great heavens, doctor, you don't expect me to take all this in one dose!"

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.

Remarkably candid, perhaps unintentionally so, was a doctor in Scranton, Pa., the other day, who, in filling out a certificate of death, wrote his name in the blank space reserved for "cause of death."

It is said that a quack doctor in the West has invented a medicine that will cure any disease, and which can also be used as an embalming fluid after death. This man evidently wants to hog the whole market.

"Is there anything more dreadful than dyspepsia, doctor?" asked Mr. Branbread. "There is," interrupted Mrs. Branbread. "What is it, then?" inquired the doctor. "The man who has it."

Physician (to patient) :—" Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had." Patient (too sick to care for anything) :—" Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."

Medical Examiner (for insurance company) :—" You appear to be in a very weak, nervous, depressed physical condition." Applicant for Insurance :—" Yes, your agents have been chinning at me for six months."

Professor (to class in surgery) :—" The right leg of this patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, Mr. Sorter, what would you do in a case of this kind ? " Sorter :—" I'd limp too."

CHAPTER XI

For Winter Evenings

"One ear it heard, at the other it went out."

"A MISS is as good as a mile," and a great deal better. You can't kiss a mile.

"Smith is honest, isn't he, Mr. Stamps?"
"Oh, yes," replied the postmaster, "honestest man in the village. He has to be; ain't a man in the country that'll trust him."

A Florida alligator has eaten a tramp. Our sympathies are with the alligator.

Tid Bits tells the story of a conductor on a slow railroad who told a passenger that he had been on the road nine years. "Then," said the passenger, "this must be your second trip."

"When I was a young man," says Bangs, "I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I am older, I seize hold of the small end, and do all the grunting."

Why is it that a lamp in a room where there are "two souls with but a single thought," always goes out?

Little Johnny Blossom of Harrodsburg, Ky., has swallowed sixteen cents in pennies and three-cent pieces and has never been sick a day. Johnny ought to be able to declare a dividend soon.

When a woman promenades the street leading a dog, it looks as if she couldn't get anything else on the string.

Fond lover (after long delayed proposal):—"Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling." Darling girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort):—"Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but (and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden."

If there is anything which will make a young man query whether evolution is not a failure, it is to see a pretty girl kiss—a pug dog.

He:—"My darling, I really believe my rheumatism has wholly disappeared." She:—"Oh, I am so sorry! Now we shall never know when the weather is going to change."

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

Judge (about to commit for trial):—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkable way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning." Prisoner (deprecatingly):—"No flattery, yer honor; no flattery, please."

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated.

As illustrative of the peculiar discipline which prevailed in one of the East Tennessee Union regiments, the story is that, when preparing for the charge on the redoubts that resulted so gloriously, the colonel stepped to the front, and pointing toward the enemy's works, said, "Boys, the old man says we've got to get them guns." A tall and lank mountaineer—a private in the ranks—who had hunted and fished and drank home distilled corn whiskey with the colonel, after contemplating for a moment the desperate undertaking turned to his commander and asked, "Say, Jim, if the old man wants them guns, why can't we fling in and buy 'em."

A Mattapoisett woman says she made 799 pies last year, and that she could prove it if her husband had lived until January.

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped. "Hold on tight." "Don't say 'hold on tight,'" gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean. "Say hold on tightly."

"John," said a milkman to his assistant, "go down and buy those two cows we were looking at yesterday, drop in at the store and order feed for this week, and get a new sucker for the pump."

A slow train:—As the car reached Westville, an old man, with a long, white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:—"Your fare, please." "I paid my fare." "When? I don't remember it." "Why, I paid you when I got on the car." "Where did you get on?" "At Fair Haven." "That won't do," said the conductor, "when I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy on the car." "Yes," said the old man, "I know it. I was the little boy."

A Minneapolis congregation left the church one Sunday because the minister took his text from St. Paul.

Two ladies from the west happened to scrape an acquaintance while waiting for connecting trains at the station yesterday. "How long has your husband been dead?" asked one. "About a year," was the reply. "And you are still a widow?" "Yes; his estate ain't settled yet."

The husband may boast of "holding the reins," but it's generally the wife that says where the wagon is going.

A Shakeress, with a meek face beneath a large green bonnet, was hastening along Main Street the other forenoon, so as not to keep the elder waiting in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy and sent his papers flying in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with an apology, "I'm sorry for thee and my carelessness, my son," she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last muttered to a companion the question: "Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?"

"That hanging was an hour behind time."

"Yes. The sheriff and the condemned man got to talking about their bicycles."

Chicago mother to New York dancing master :
—"So you have taught my daughter to dance?"
D. M :—"I am proud to say, madam, I have." Chicago mother :—"Well, a dozen teachers have tried before you and failed. You certainly have accomplished a great feat. D. M :—"Ah, thank you, madam. I have accomplished two great feet."

Mrs. Westend :—"Did you see the artist, Whistler, while in England?" Mr. Lakeside (of Chicago) :—"Yes indeed—heard her whistle."

A Western mother, on being asked by a teacher to furnish a grammar for her daughter to study, sent a note which read: "I do not desire that Mattie shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her to ingage in more useful studies and can learn her to write and speak proper myself. I have went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good—I prefer Mattie to ingage in German and drawing and vokal music on the piano."

A widow is like a baby, because he cries for the first six months, begins to notice in the next six months, and it is hard work for him to get through the second summer.

An ordinary case:—Mrs. Testy, (looking up from the paper):—"Isn't this strange? A Californian after a fit of illness was absolutely unable to remember his wife and did not believe she was the one he married." Mr. Testy:—"Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman that he once went crazy over."

Friend:—"Do you live happily with your husband?" Muscular Wife:—"Of course I do. I'd like to see him try not to live happily with me."

When Jones was at the theatre the other evening, he sat down by mistake on his neighbor's hat and reduced it to a hopeless mass of silk and pasteboard. The owner was madder than a dozen March hares. "Well," observed the culprit, "I was awkward and no mistake." But he added, with self-complacent pity, "when I think that it might have been mine, it makes me fairly shudder."

The only thing that equals the spontaneousness with which this country proposes a monument is the unanimous cordiality with which it is built.

During a discussion of religious topics, young Brown said :—"I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death neither will man. There is no difference between man and beast." And good old Jones mildly replied, "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."

It is said that boots for dogs with sore feet are kept on sale in New York. That's nothing. In Vermont there are lots of dogs that get boots whether their feet are sore or not.

The humorous Bishop Marley once ordered his coachman to go to the well for water, the footman being otherwise engaged at the time. But John objected. His business was to drive, not run errands. "Well, then," said the clerical wit, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside and drive to the well!" This the coachman was compelled to do several times, to the no small amusement of the villagers.

"Wasn't it dreadful to listen to the whistling of the bullets in battle?" "Oh, not so very. You see the bullets never whistled any of the popular airs of the day."

Landlady (complainingly) :—"Flour is going up, Mr. Blodgers." Star boarder (dropping a heavy biscuit with a dull thud) :—"So I understand; but your bread doesn't seem to rise correspondingly, Mrs. Hashley."

A poor young man and his young wife get along very well with their economy until the dry goods stores begin to spread all over the newspapers. Then there's a break.

It was a pug with a black nose with a skyward tendency. First it was too hot in the car for it, then it was too cold. Windows were raised and lowered, and at last a gentleman who sat near was requested to move to the next car. "Certainly, madam," he said with the suavity of a traveled American toward defenceless women with pugs, "but may I enquire why you wish me to go?" "Yes, sir; Tootsey is sensitive to cold, and I heard you remark that you had a draft in your pocket."

The difference between a porous plaster and a lottery ticket is that the plaster draws something.

Bob:—"Have you sold your humorous article to any newspaper, yet?" Sam:—"I've shown it to several editors, but none of them have bought it." Bob:—"Perhaps they don't think it funny enough." Sam:—"Oh, yes, they do; for they all laughed."

An advertiser wants a strong boy for bottling. It occurs to us that it would be easier to bottle a weak boy.

It was at the dinner table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "O," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is!" "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It's something you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.

A Michigan woman practiced with a revolver until she could hit a suspender button at eight paces. There came a burglar into the house, early one morning, and she sent a bullet ringing through her husband's left ear.

"What is the bicycle man doing, father? See! he has jumped forward from his wheel and is putting his face to the earth. Is he kissing it?" "No, my son; the man has his ear to the earth. He is listening. He thought he heard something drop."

There are several men in the wild and woolly west who are afraid M. Pasteur will discover a better remedy for snake bite than whiskey.

Magistrate:—"Ever been arrested before?"
Prisoner:—"No, sah." Magistrate:—"Didn't I send you to the Island last winter for ten days?" Prisoner:—"I declar's to goodness, now I looks at yo', jedge, I b'lieves yo' did. But I'se a poor hand to 'member faces."

We never hear anything more of the phonograph. It has probably gone into a barber-shop and got talked to death.

The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh! that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

Smith says that when the Bartholdi statue is lighted up it will look like a country woman with a candle in her hand standing in a kitchen door calling in the dog.

“What a lovely woman!” was the exclamation of Chief Justice Waite upon passing a first-class beauty when walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend. “What an excellent judge!” said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the chief justice.

A Louisville citizen had his water supply shut off by the company, and did not discover it for two months. There are some advantages in living in Kentucky.

Mrs. Jason :—“Jedial, was there ever such a person as the fool killer?” Mr. Jason :—“What idiotic questions you do ask. How the dickens do I know? I never met him.” Mrs. J. :—“Oh, I know that!”

An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets his wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.

A western mule's tail was blown off by a recent blizzard. What became of the blizzard is not stated, but it is safe to presume that it had the wind kicked out of it.

Groom (to bride ; they are waiting for the minister) :—" Hadn't I better skip out and see what is the matter, my dear? The minister should have been here twenty minutes ago." Bride :—" No, George ; you stay right where you are."

A Camden man has invented an ice velocipede. No, thank you, none for us. We have cracked ice two inches thick with the back of our neck on common skates.

He (trying to play the trump card) :—" As I passed your house last evening I thought I heard an angel sing." She (stiffly) :—" I was at the theatre last evening. Mrs. Mulhooly and her two twins were at our house visiting the cook."

Blinks :—" Think your wife would object to having you go off duck shooting with me?" Jinks :—" I'm afraid she would if I asked her, but I'll tell my little son to order her to let me go. She always obeys him."

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gush, in reference to Miss Pedal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied Fogg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder."

The ladies were talking about their old silver and the newer designs, when Mrs. Oldblossom said:—"I use nothing on my table but hammered ware." And just as a crash of resounding china came echoing from the kitchen, she added, "And there's the artist hammering some more of it."

Kentucky beats them all. She now furnishes a case where a man eloped with a whole family except the old man, who had a lame back, and couldn't get to the depot in time.

Young Tiffles (faint hearted):—"Just think, angel mine, how poor I am. Why what could I make of you?" She (bravely):—"Well, you could make Mrs. Tiffles of me if you had any nerve."

A bee may teach a man, says somebody. We know it; but no man of sense will care to sit for any great length of time under such keen and pointed instruction as bees generally give.

A young lady wishes to know if you can tell anything about a gentleman by the color of his eyes. We should not like to risk any positive reply, but will venture to say that something can be determined by the color of his nose.

“What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who got up cross in the morning and bang things around, and kick like everything just because the coffee is cold?” “John,” responded his wife, “I would make it hot for you.”

“Excuse me, dearest,” he said, disentangling himself. Then he stalked to the edge of the veranda, and fiercely demanded: “Boy, what are you lurking about the front gate for at this time of night?” “Mornin’ papers, sir.”

“Why, Jennie, you foolish girl, come into the house. What are you doing out in the snow without wraps?” “Oh, nothing much, ma! You see, Augustus has just called, and here are his footprints in the snow. I’m measuring to get the right size for those slippers, and do you know I don’t believe I’ve got half cloth enough for them.”

CHAPTER XII

For Tramps to Read While Waiting For Dinner

“All our Geese are Swans.”

It's a mighty poor tramp that hasn't got a scent.

“So you are looking for a situation?” said the lady at the door. “Yes'm,” said the tramp, touching his hat. “What place did you last fill?” “Me stomach, ma'am,” with another touch of the hat.

“All roads lead to roam,” remarked a tramp, studying a guide board.

Tramp (recognizing friend):—“Is that you, eh, Tooley?” Friend:—“Don't say a worrud, 'tis a foine job I have; the felly what runs the summer hotel below here pays me seven dollars a week to live here, an' he calls me 'The Hermit of Scrub Oak Hill.' The boorders come up here be the dozen to luk at me, an' it's good cigarrs I'm shmokin' the whole day long!”

Doctor :—"What is the matter with you?"

Tramp :—"My system is all run down." Doc-

tor :—"By what?" Tramp :—"By a dog."

A ragged looking tramp was inspecting the windows of a trunk shop. "Come in and buy a trunk," said a salesman. "Buy a trunk; what for?" "Put your clothes in." "Do you think this is the Garden of Eden?" was the quick retort.

When a tramp is so lucky as to get hold of the upper portion of a roasted fowl, he usually makes a clean breast of it.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I am hungry enough to eat a raw dog." "Well," she responded, kindly suiting the action to the word, "I'll whistle some up for you." The tramp left, taking his appetite with him.

Tramp (at door) :—"Madam, could you give me a little help? I'm one of the sufferers by the St. Cloud cyclone." Lady :—"Why, how can that be? The cyclone occurred only yesterday. You couldn't have got here by this time." "Oh, yes I could, ma'am. You see, I was blown about three-quarters of the way by the cyclone."

Woman to tramp:—"How's the soup?"
Tramp:—" 'Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am.
I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it."

Young wife:—"Horrors! See here, sir;
your dog has run off with a whole sponge cake
I left outside to cool." Tramp:—"Don't worry,
mum. That dog's tougher'n he looks. He kin
eat anything."

Tramp (to woman at the door):—"Will you
please gimme a bite, ma'am." Woman (clos-
ing the door):—"No; git out! I'm no dog."

Lady of the house:—"No, I make it a prin-
ciple never to give money at the door."
Tramp:—"Very well, madam, if you have any
feeling about it I am perfectly willing that you
should hand it to me out of the window."

Culture is becoming widely disseminated.
"Have you sawed that wood?" demanded a
lady of a tramp, who had inquired for breakfast.
"Have I *sawed* that wood?" exclaimed the
tramp, in contempt. "I have *seen* that wood,
and I don't intend to work for a lady who
doesn't understand the rules of grammar better
than you do."

Farmer's daughter :—"I suppose you want my father to take you in for the season?"

Tramp :—"No, miss; if you will kindly sew a shirt onto this button, that's all I'll ask."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you, to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work."

"I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see, my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I have been very timid ever since."

An insane tramp invaded a Tennessee farmhouse the other day and informed the mistress of the place that he had a divine commission to clean house for her. He dusted.

Mrs. Homespun :—"I'll tell you where you can find a job sawing five cords of wood, poor man." Tramp (eagerly) :—"Where, mum?" "Just around the corner of the next street." "Thank ye, mum; much obliged. I might have run into it if it hadn't been for you."

"I'm a lily," said the tramp. "I toil not, neither do I spin, and I'll bet my boots that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like me."

Lady of the house:—"Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day." Tramp:—"Yes, mum; and I merely came round to show you that I was still alive."

She:—"Yes, we had a splendid time last summer. Four other Vassar girls and I took a tramp through the Adirondacks." He:—"Did the tramp have a good time?"

"Hard luck," said one tramp to another. "I waited by a church door for half an hour, to-day, thinkin' mebbe some of 'em might invite me home to dinner. But to'ard the last I heard 'em all git up and sing, 'We're goin' home to dine no more,' and I skipped, you bet."

Woman (to tramp):—"After you've eaten that pie will you saw a little wood?" Tramp (eyeing the pie):—"Yes, ma'am, if I'm alive."

Tramp (to woman):—"Can you give me something to eat, madam?" Woman:—"No; there ain't a thing in the house; an' besides, I've got a couple of letters to write an' no time to bother. Tramp (pleadingly):—"Madam, let me lick the stamps, I can't starve."

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp being asked what was the matter with his coat replied:—"Insomonia; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."

Tramp:—"Will you please give me ten cents, sir? I'm on my way home to die." Gentleman (handing him the money):—"I don't mind giving you ten cents for so worthy a purpose as that, but your breath smells terribly of whiskey." Tramp:—"I know it does, sir. Whiskey's what's killin' me."

Woman of the house (to tramp):—"Well, now; you said you would do some sawing after you got through eating." Tramp:—"Yes'm, I will. Fetch on your violin."

Farmer's Wife:—"I suppose you will soon be leaving the country for the city, won't you?" Tramp:—"Yes, ma'am; it's allus about this time of the year that the actors begin crowdin' us off the road."

If anything in this world can put wings on the feet of indolence it is a woman with a dipper of hot water and a forward impulse when a tramp is "sassy."

Tramp (at Union Square):—"Couldn't you spare me a dime, sir? I've walked all the way from California." Actor (sympathetically):—"What company did you go out with?"

Weary Watkins:—"Wot do you think of the scheme of free baths?"

Hungry Higgins:—"They won't git none from me. No man is goin' to git me to bathe without payin' me fer it."

"Is that all you can give, ma'am," pleaded the tramp; "a dipperful of water?" "Why, no, certainly not," replied the woman with the big heart; "you can have as many dipperfuls as you like."

We will agree that the man who can live without work, go where he pleases, and do what he likes is a lucky man—also that he must be either a millionaire or a tramp.

Tramp, piteously:—"Please help a poor cripple?" Kind old gent, handing him some money:—"Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?" Tramp, pocketing the money:—"Financially crippled, sir."

"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman. "Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp. "There ain't any wood sawed." "That so? Well, give it to me cold."

"Please, ma'am, will you give me an old suit of your husband's clothes? I am one of the Johnstown flood sufferers." "Poor man! Of course I will; come right in. So you were in that dreadful flood, were you?" "No, ma'am, but my wife sent all my clothes to the people who were."

Woman (who has given something to eat to a tramp):—"You have a very awkward way of eating, man." Tramp:—"Yes, ma'am; I guess it's 'cause I'm out of practice."

Soft-hearted old lady (when she heard the story and assisted the applicant):—"Dear me! Ah, poor man! you must indeed have gone through dreadful trials." Tramp:—"I b'lieve yer, m'um, an' what's wus, m'um, I was al'ays convicted."

Tramp:—"Thank ye, ma'am, for givin' me the grub, but I can never eat without a fork. Farmer's wife:—"Well, amble along and you'll find a fork in the road a little further on."

Lady:—"I can give you a little more of that clam chowder if you want it." Tramp:—"Thank you, I've had all I want, an' besides, you'll need what's left to wash the dishes with."

Tramp:—"Can you give me some work, sir?" Farmer:—"I guess so. What kind of work do you want?" Tramp:—"Work for my jaws." Farmer:—"All right; come in and talk with my wife. If she can't keep you busy I'll eat my boots."

"Madam," reproachfully remarked the tramp to whom the young housewife had given a couple of cold biscuits of her own make, "I have asked ye for bread and ye have given me a stone."

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie):—"You seem to have a good appetite." Tramp (with tears in his eyes):—"Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can call my own."

Some Illinois girls tried to see who could walk the fastest on the rails of a railroad without falling off, and three of the crowd went through a cattle guard in a heap and fell upon a tramp and killed him.

"A man can get nothing without labor," said a woman to a tramp who declined to saw some wood in exchange for a dinner. "I know better than that," he replied, as he turned away; "he can get hungry."

Tramp (to farmer driving by):—"Can you give me a lift, sir, to help me along on my journey?" Farmer:—"Where are you going?" Tramp (with emotion):—"I'm going home to die." Farmer (with alacrity):—"Why, cert'ly, jump right in."

First tramp (after a fruitless raid on a hen coop):—"Bill, I wonder what made that blamed rooster fall off his perch and commence to crow so loud?" Second tramp:—"You forgot to cover up your nose and he thought it was sunrise."

Tramp:—"Won't you help a poor man that lost all his friends in the Roslindale disaster?" Housekeeper:—"Why, you are the same man that lost his family last year by the Ohio river floods, and was in the Charleston earthquake!" Tramp:—"I know it, mum. I am one of the most unfortunate gentlemen on the face of the earth."

Omaha man:—"It's a mystery to me how that dog you sold me was brought up. He won't eat anything but porterhouse steak, and won't drink anything but beer. Where did you get him?" Dealer:—"I bought him of a tramp."

Two wretched looking tramps were brought before a Texas justice of the peace. Addressing the worst looking one, the justice asked:—"Where do you live?" "Nowhere." "And where do you live?" said the justice, addressing the other:—"I've got the room above him."

CHAPTER XIII

This Chapter, a Cure for Toothache

"A hit, a palpable hit."

No man is as good as he demands the young man shall be who asks for his daughter.

Mrs. Yunkupple:—"Why, Reggy, what do you mean by eating breakfast with your trousers turned up? It isn't raining." Mr. Yunkupple:—"No, dear, but the coffee looks awful muddy."

There isn't anything we know that somebody didn't have to burn his fingers to find out.

"There is ice in Greenland six thousand feet thick," read Mr. Mumble in his evening paper. "That's just the way!" commented his wife. "I suppose it's so cold there they don't need it, either."

He (rejected):—"Well, you may go further and fare worse." She:—"Yes, but it can't be done around here."

"Is she well married?" "I should say so. She's been trying for years to get a divorce and can't."

"I consider him a bold, arrogant man."
"Yes, I know he is now, but he won't be very long." "And why not, I should like to know?"
"He is to be married next week."

Gunson :—"Another increase in your family; eh? Son or a daughter?" Bilbee (gloomily):
—"Son-in-law."

Brown :—"Well, Jones, have you succeeded in capturing Miss Smith's hand yet?" Jones :—"Not yet, but I've got the next thing to it."
Brown :—"Ah?" Jones :—"Yes; I got the mitten."

Nothing ever causes a young man greater surprise than to find some one has fallen in love with his sister.

Old Richfellow (desperately) :—"If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?"
Sweet Girl :—"Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of a woman who refused him, and then went out and hung himself."

An agnostic is one who thinks that he knows all about everything, and that other people know nothing about anything.

"Did you hear about the man who jumped from a train the other night?" "No; was he hurt?" "Not much. He might have been, however, if the woman whose train he jumped from had got a chance at him."

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it a "lie," and half of it is an "if."

The Washington *Critic* tells how Judge Waxem of Wayback attended a congressional funeral, and how hard he mourned on the journey. When the judge got back to Washington he was not as neatly attired as when he started out to grieve. He looked like a frizzly chicken after an encounter with a shower. His hat resembled an accordeon. But the judge did not care. "There is nothing wrong in all this," he said. "When a man is in grief he wants something to drown his sorrows. He pays for it himself. When this great and glorious nation appoints me to do its mourning it is but right that it should pay for my woes and shuagers."

Water is selling at fifty cents a barrel in Galveston, Texas. The inhabitants think it is a new kind of summer drink.

Angry purchaser:—"You told me the horse wasn't balky." Seller:—"No, I didn't." Angry purchaser:—"You certainly did. You said that when it came to pulling that horse was there every time." Seller:—"Yes, that's what I said. He's there, but the trouble is he stays. I used to build a bonfire under him."

A Burlington grocer was surprised, the other day, by an absent-minded patron, who asked if he had any Mother Hubbard squashes.

The members of the local scientific association were opening an Indian mound in south-east Missouri, the hired native who was digging had already thrown out several pieces of curious pottery and a number of weapons used in ancient Indian warfare. Oppressed by the heat and the closeness of his quarters, he tossed up his empty pocket flask for the purpose of having it refilled. The St. Louis colonel looked at it in utter bewilderment. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, awestricken whisper, "what a highly civilized race of Injuns them mound-builders was!"

How Noah must have swelled around when the annual spring freshets came! He could always remember when the water was higher.

A shabby-dressed woman called upon a gentleman for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. He looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the superfluous fat, and answered:—"You don't look like a starving woman." "I know it," she winningly answered, "I'm bloated with grief."

The streams are getting so low that speckled trout of the future will have to have legs, and burrow in the ground like a woodchuck.

A party visiting Orr's Island last week came upon an elderly citizen, who, they found had always lived upon the island and was familiar with its history. They asked him if Mrs. Stowe's account of the inhabitants and their doings were accurate. "Well," said he, "she got one thing right." "What was that?" "The name of the island."

A coroner's jury in Dakota has found that the deceased "came to her death from a felonious desire to reach a happy hereafter."

The Italians who come to this country must have a strong attachment for their native land. They bring so much of it with them.

Mrs. De Hobson (complacently):—"Yes, Mr. Featherly, that is a portrait of myself when a little girl. It was painted by a celebrated artist." Mr. Featherly (anxious to say the right thing):—"Er—one of the old masters?"

The rockers on a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted.

He'd been waltzing with his host's daughter, and was in a corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by his would-be papa-in-law. "She's the flower of my family, sir," said the latter. "So it seems," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat sleeve.

"Raise the heifer calves," shouts the American dairyman. Yes, raise them, and when they grow big they will reciprocate by raising you and your milk pail through the roof of the cow shed.

"Always aim a little higher than the mark," says an exchange. "What, kiss a girl on the nose?"

"How is your darter Nancy gittin' 'long since she married an' moved out ter Californy?" said the first Indiana man. "Is she doing well?" "Doing well! Why, bless ye, she's gittin' 'long perfectly lovely. Her first husband died, leavin' her \$5,000 in cold cash, an' 'twarn't three months 'fore she tied on her a consumptive worth \$10,000. Oh, but she's a rattler, that girl is."

An agricultural paper says:—"No animal can eat and fight at the same time." Evidently never saw a traveler at a ten-minutes-lunch stand.

Mr. Jason:—"Why ain't supper ready, I want to know?" Mrs. Jason:—"I was down town and got caught in the rain without an umbrella. I had to wait in a store until the storm was over." Mr. Jason:—"So you did have sense enough to go in out of the rain, eh? Well, you are not an entire fool." Mrs. Jason:—"No, only the better half of one."

There are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.

Tourist:—"I thought some extensive improvements in Central Park had been projected." Proud New Yorker:—"That's so; they were; on a most magnificent scale." Tourist:—"Why were they never carried out?" Proud New Yorker:—"O, the rest of the country wouldn't subscribe the money."

Another young woman has eloped with a coachman. Coachmen seem to have no sort of regard for their reputations.

"I am afraid your wife will give you a cold reception," said Simpkins to his friend with whom he had been out rather late. "Yes; she is very inconsistent about those matters." "Inconsistent?" "Yes; she gives me a cold reception in warm weather, and a warm reception in cold weather."

Mr. Ham:—"The dramatic profession of this country, my dear sir, is making rapid strides." Dear Sir:—"Yes, I suppose it has to at times, to get out of the way of trains."

It is just as well that a majority of people have trouble. They would go out and borrow it if they did not have it in the house.

Bill Nye, the humorist, has been having a siege of it lately from autograph-hunters. To one of these bores, the other day, he wrote:—
“Dear sir, in the absence of my amanuensis, will you kindly excuse me if I write my autograph myself? Yours without a struggle, Bill Nye.”

If you are just gone on a young woman, my son, do not color your moustache, for we have good authority for the statement that “true love never dyes.”

Willard Spencer, the composer of “The Little Tycoon,” says:—“I claim direct lineal descent from Edmund Spencer, the immortal author of the ‘Fairie Queen.’” Thus are we furnished with another striking illustration of the fact that genius is not hereditary.

The information comes by cable that Oliver Wendell Holmes has sat down to table with kings and queens. This is interesting as far as it goes, but how many of them did he hold?

At a French restaurant:—"Here, waiter, it seems to me this turbot is not quite as fresh as the one you had last Sunday." "Pardon ! monsieur, it's the very same !"

A very precise person remarking upon Shakespeare's line, "The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observes that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

It has been discovered that the flaming meteor which fell in an Ohio town a few days ago, was nothing but a switch which a red-haired girl had dropped from a third story window.

A woman in Walton county, Georgia, has a rolling-pin that has been in constant use for one hundred and seventy years, and is still as good as new. That family must have had a line of remarkably docile husbands.

He had declared his passion and was feverishly awaiting her reply. "Mr. Sampson," she said, and her voice sounded like a knell, "the letter which you so kindly offered to post for me two weeks ago to-night has never reached its destination. Farewell."

Mr. Blobson:—"What idiots there are on the newspapers nowadays!" Mrs. Blobson:—"Yes, you have been sitting on that copy of the *News* for the past half-hour."

An Ohio man claims to have a wife who never asks him for money. He neglects to say whether the old lady has been speechless from birth or whether she simply holds him down and goes through his wallet without wasting breath.

Judge Duffy:—"What is your age?" (Female witness hesitates.) Judge Duffy:—"Don't hesitate in answering the question. The longer you hesitate the older you'll be."

A soldier who had been taken prisoner had a wife and children living in New Jersey. A good minister learning that there was soon to be a general exchange of prisoners and wishing to relieve the terrible anxiety of the wife, called and told her that her husband would probably be exchanged in a short time. "Well," said the poor, broken-hearted woman, "I love John and the children love him, and if he isn't so handsome as some men I don't want to exchange him, I don't, and I just won't have a rebel for a husband, so now!"

"I wish I was a star," said a Cornell junior dreamily, to his companion. "I wish you was a comet," she replied, coolly, "for then you would come around only once in 1560 years."

When placed under microscope the sting of a bee presents a polish of dazzling beauty; but when placed in the end of a man's nose, the polish is missing, and the appearance more like that of a rat-tail file dipped in vitriol. This is official.

It is hard enough, anyway, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simple torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

He was a wheelman. He had stopped at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter had given him a glass of milk. "Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the saucer, with a sigh and seemed to be taking in emptiness with both eyes. "You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid I shall rob you." "Oh, no," with great emphasis. "We have so much more than the family can use that we're feeding it to the calves all the time."

A phrenologist says that "fulness under the eye denotes language." When the fulness is caused by another man's fist it denotes very bad language, generally.

Artesian wells have been sunk at several seaside resorts ; but they will not be the greatest bores there this summer, by upwards of considerable. They will be no match for the young man who apes the swell Englishman and runs down his own country.

Mrs. Dusenberry :—" Now, just look at those flannels ! If anything will shrink more from washing I'd like to know what it is." Mr. Dusenberry :—" A boy will, my dear."

Summer boarder :—" Your catalogue said there were no mosquitoes hereabouts, Mr. Makemoney, but I killed seven last night." Mr. Makemoney :—" Yes, sir ; no doubt, sir. But those catalogues was sent out in March."

Little Alice :—" And did Solomon know more than anybody else who was ever in the world, papa ? " Papa (thoughtfully) :—" Well, I guess he knew more than anybody I ever met except, perhaps, your sixteen-year-old brother Jack ! "

Some men are never satisfied with the arrangements of nature. The most recent grumbler thinks that the luminous end of the firefly should have been hitched to the mosquito.

A bedridden patient in a Kansas hospital, who was experimented on with the elixir of life, was able to leave his bed the next day. He had to, in fact, in order to fill a place prepared for him in the cemetery.

"I know defects," declared Jones pompously, and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly one of them whispered softly to another, "What an awful lot that man must know!"

"Can't I have just one kiss before I go? Only one." She:—"And if I let you have one, you will take two, won't you?" He:—"No, I won't; indeed, I won't." She:—"Then you shan't have any."

Mrs. Youngwife:—"Oh, George, how utterly heartless, almost wicked, we have become!" Husband:—"Eh? What?" "It's awful to be so neglectful of heaven's choicest blessings. We haven't had baby's picture taken for a week."

Mr. Brown thinks his wife is the most ingenious woman in the world. He has been married ten years, and she has succeeded in putting his cuff buttons in a new place every morning during that time.

A Massachusetts man has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for kissing a Massachusetts girl. He is lucky to get off so easily. Many a man has been made a life prisoner just by kissing a girl.

A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view:—"We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

A new publication is entitled: "Useful things to know about steam boilers." Now, really, one of the most useful things to know about a steam boiler is the precise moment at which the pesky thing is going to blow up.

Miss Pyrte:—"What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach?" Mr. Olebach:—"Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me." Miss Pyrte:—"And you never got over it?"

“Ain’t it time you paid me that five dollars?” asked a farmer of his neighbor. “’Tain’t due,” was the reply. “But you promised to pay me when you got back from New York.” “Well, I hain’t been there yet.”

CHAPTER XIV

A Few For Editors

"If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled."

A NEW story is called "The Editor's Purse." There is nothing in it.

An exchange advises not to judge by appearances. A shabby old coat may contain an editor, while the man wearing a high toned plug hat and supporting a cane may be a delinquent subscriber.

Where a newspaper is just raking in the subscribers it gets a Hoe press.

"Johnny," said the careworn editor to his only son, "I know you want to help your poor old father with an item but I would rather you'd stay away from the pond till the ice gets thicker. You may come handy to feed the press."

First little girl:—"My father is an editor; what does yours do?" Second little girl:—"Whatever mamma tells him."

A country editor, having received a gift of doughnuts, thanks the "doughnor."

"Mr. Editor, did you read that article I handed you yesterday?" "Yes, sir." "What would you think after reading that if I told you that I had had but one year's schooling in my life?" "I would think that you must have wasted your time most abominably."

A man never drops into a newspaper office to tell about a little race on the road unless his horse comes out winner.

An exasperating editor being threatened with a coat of tar and feathers said in his next issue:—"The people of this town may break into somebody's henroost and steal the feathers, but we know they are too stingy to buy tar."

A clever newspaper man puts his news items from Chicago and Boston under the title of "Pork and Beans."

The innate modesty of newspaper men is shown by the fact that a Texas editor killed three men the other day, and in alluding to the incident afterward acknowledged that he only tried to kill one.

Citizen (to office boy in counting room):—
“Your durned paper had an outrageous attack
on me this morning, and——” Office boy
(briskly):—“Yes, sir; how many copies will
you have?”

The man who was to publish a newspaper to
suit everybody fell out of Noah's ark and was
drowned.

“Speaking of journalistic courage,” remarked
the snake editor; “I can name a paper which
has more grit than any other, and one which
you would hardly think of, either.” “What
paper is that?” asked the horse editor. “Sand
paper.”

An irate editor shouts:—“Call in your old
free passes, it's safer walking these days, any-
way.”

An exchange says that an editor once applied
at the door of Hades for admission. “Well,”
replied his sable majesty, “we let one of your
profession in here many years ago, and he kept
up a continual row with his former delinquent
subscribers, and as we have more of that class
than any other we have passed a law prohibit-
ing the admission of editors.”

“Dear Mr. Editor :—Please read the enclosed poem carefully or return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire.” “Dear Mr. Smith :—Remove the irons and insert the poem.”

To bashful correspondent :—“The first thing for you to do is to pop the question, the second to question the pop.”

A lady, greatly excited, asks to see the editor of a daily paper, and is told that it is impossible, the editor being too busy to speak to any one, no matter who it may be. “O, that makes no difference,” is her reply; “I shall do all the talking myself.”

A country paper contains the following satisfactory announcement :—“A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed.”

A pedantic writer complains that there is too much bad grammar in the newspapers. This are evidently a mistake. If there was bad grammar in the newspapers we would have saw it. Perhaps newspapers does err in those respect occasionally, in the bustle and hurry of going to press, but they don't go for to do it.

“What shall we do with our old clothes?” asked a correspondent. “Start a newspaper to fill a long felt want; you will need them afterward.”

County Editor:—“I would like to see some of your long-tailed coats.” Clothing dealer:—“Something fashionable, I suppose?” Editor:—“I don’t care a cent about that. My wife has put a dark blue skylight in my dove-colored Sunday pants, and I want a coat long enough to conceal the evidences of my being an editor and having to feed myself to a cane bottomed chair seven days in a week.”

It is a strange thing that the man who knows exactly how to run a newspaper is always engaged in some other business.

A Kansas paper publishes the following unique reminder to delinquent subscribers: “There i\$ a little matter that \$ome of our \$ub\$criber\$ have \$eemingly forgotten entirely. \$ome of them have made u\$ many promi\$e\$, but have not kept them. To u\$ it i\$ a very important matter—it’\$ nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$\$. We are very mode\$t and don’t like to \$peak about it.” It might be called a matter of \$\$ and sense.

"Metals are more active," wrote the market reporter, whose wife had hastened his exit that morning with a flying flatiron.

Village Parson (entering country editor's office):—"You promised to publish that sermon I sent you on Monday, but I didn't find it in the latest issue of your paper." Editor:—"I sent it up. It surely went in. What was the name of it?" Parson:—"Feed My Lambs." Editor (after searching through the paper):—"Ah—yes—um—here it is. You see, we've got a new foreman, and he put it under the head of 'Agricultural Notes,' as 'Hints on the care of Sheep.'"

A lady in western New York complains to an editor that though the general features of the paper suit her, it has not enough deaths.

Reporter (to livery stable man):—"Quick, now, a horse and buggy! I've got an important assignment and no time to lose." Livery Stable Man (leading out a dilapidated specimen of a horse):—"Yes, sir—yes, sir." Reporter (eying the animal with disfavor):—"Great Scott, man! Do you think I'm reporting for a monthly magazine?"

Nothing is too small to escape the notice of the editor—not even the man who tries to get his paper for nothing.

An editor, wishing to give a milliner a “puff,” wrote that he was glad to see her stocking up. The next time he met the milliner she assaulted him with an umbrella, and threatened to tell his wife. The newspaper man read the article over several times before he could understand why she was so wrathful.

Foreman:—“In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his backbone?” Editor (busy writing a leader):—“Spinal column, of course.”

We don’t scare very easily, but the following announcement from the treasury department shook up our nerves considerably: “Counterfeit five-cent pieces are reported. They are made of lead.” When counterfeiters operate on anything smaller than quarters, it is clearly a shot aimed directly at the editorial pocket.

The editor wrote it “seeking after office.” The compositor set it up “suckers after office.” The proof reader didn’t think it worthy of correction.

Some one has sent us a poem entitled "Give Me Back My Own." As we always like to accommodate, we have sent it back to him.

"Why do you fill your paper with such nonsense as this?" he said to the country editor: "John Smith of Pugville is in town calling on his many friends." Just then the office-boy poked his head in at the door and said, "Mr. Smith of Pugville wants fifty extra papers." "That's why," explained the astute editor.

A poetess sent to the *Atlanta Constitution* a poem entitled, "I Am Tired." The editor returned it after writing on the margin, "So am I."

The news editor prepared an article in which he said:—"Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in the paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.

A Kansas newspaper man wrote a communication to a rival editor, calling him an ass, and then signed it "yours fraternally."

“Our paper is two days late this week,” writes a Nebraska editor, “owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run the press Wednesday night, as usual, one of the guy ropes gave way, allowing the forward gilder fluke to fall and break as it struck the flunker flopper. This, of course, as any one who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the gang-plank with only the flip flap to support it, which also dropped and broke off the wooper-chock. This loosened the fluking from between the ramrod and the flibber-snatcher, which also caused trouble. The report that the delay was caused by the over-indulgence in stimulants by ourselves, is a tissue of falsehoods, the peeled appearance of our right eye being caused by our going into the hatchway of the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling pin after the slap-bang was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and welt us in the optic. We expect a brand-new gilder fluke on this afternoon’s train.”

Leader of the Boggsville male quintet to editor of the Boggsville Herald:—“What can we do to interest the public in our organization?” Editor (without looking up):—“Disband.”

"We wish to inform our poetical contributors," remarks a western editor, "that spring poetry will no longer be received by us, as we are now using steam heat instead of a stove."

"How it Feels to Take a Bath," is the big headline on a long article in a western paper. Western editors never hesitate to sacrifice their personal feeling in order to get a piece of sensational news.

A printer up in Canada is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.

Mr. Smith (to country editor):—"My name is Smith. I have just stopped in to pay you——" Editor (offering a chair):—"All right, sir." (To boy), "James, whistle downstairs for Mr. Smith's account." Mr. Smith (dropping into the chair):—"Er—to pay you a visit."

Proof reader (to editor):—"Is this 'little bother' or 'little brother,' in your manuscript?" Editor (who has one):—"It doesn't make any difference."

"If a man could only catch fish as easily as they can lie about it," laments a Texas editor. He could if he understood fishing as well as lying.

The editor of an esteemed contemporary wonders how he will get his clothes on over his wings when he gets to heaven. "Don't worry on that score, dear brother. You may sometimes find difficulty in getting your boots on over your cloven hoofs, or making your hat cover your horns, but don't bother about the wings."

Out in Michigan a man was fined fifteen dollars for hitting an editor. If he had killed him it would probably have been as much as twenty-five dollars.

An editor out west put a love letter he had written into the copy box, and his editorial upon the proper observance of marital duties he sent to his love. The letter appeared in his paper, and he is chasing his compositors all over the county with a tomahawk in each hand.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why Do I Live?" The editor answered: "Because you send your contributions by mail instead of bringing them in person."

Mr. Squashead (observing a metropolitan daily on the counter of the village store):—"What! Ain't that air paper busted up yet? Why, I quit takin' it fifteen years ago."

The Paw Paw (Mich.) *Courier* has this advertisement:—"For sale—on long time, at your own figure—a cow, warranted to kick harder, reach further and to perform the operation with greater exactness and upon more inauspicious occasions than any other cow in Michigan. Regarding this cow we know whereof we speak."

Editor (returning from his vacation):—"Anything happened since I've been away?" Assistant:—"Yes, the assessors assessed the office towel as real estate."

At a recent meeting of Texas editors the proprietor of a brewery sent a written invitation to them to come over and inspect his establishment. Ten seconds after it was read a light dust might have been seen settling down on the empty chairs in the hall—if there had been anybody there to see it.

A veteran printer in Kalamazoo was pleasantly surprised the other day by being waited upon by a delegation of his employees and presented with a clean office towel.

An old farmer who wrote to an editor asking how to get rid of moles, and received the reply, "Plough them out," answered back: "Can't do it! It is on my darter's nose!"

"An unfortunate mistake occurred in last week's edition," plaintively mutters a Custer county paper. "We referred to Mr. Takem, candidate for sheriff on the opposition ticket, as a 'rough-hewn diamond.' It should have been 'ruffianly demon.' We trust our readers will forgive the mistake."

The reporter who said that the ballet costumes were the wittiest he ever saw, explained to the city editor that brevity was the soul of wit.

A woman is bound to have the last word. When the editor of the *Peavine* remonstrated with the principal contributor to the poet's corner of this valuable sheet for writing on both sides of her paper, she quietly retorted, "Well, and don't you print on both sides of yours?"

"Can you use this?" timidly inquired the poet, as he laid a bundle on the desk. "I think I can," said the editor affably. "I am just about to start a fire in the office stove."

An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.

A practical revivalist requested all in the congregation who had paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats, a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, and explained he was the editor, and could not pay because the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions.

There is said to be a volcano in New Zealand that slings out mud. All it needs is an editor-in-chief and an office towel to become a regulation campaign organ.

Stranger (to office boy) :—" Did you tell the editor there's a man downstairs what wants to knock him down and drag him out ? " Office boy :—" Yes, sir, and he says will you kindly step up at once, as he wants to go to dinner. " Stranger (somewhat milder) :—" Well—er—I—dout want to take no advantage of a man with an empty stomach. Tell him I'll come in again. "

Why is it that a man who would scorn to steal even an umbrella will, without a qualm of conscience, walk off with the editor's lead pencil and paralyze the power of the press for fifteen or twenty sulphurous minutes?

Contributor:—"Here is a manuscript I wish to submit." Editor (waving his hand):—"I'm sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor (blankly):—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."

Phrenologist:—"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry." Visitor:—"I do write poetry. But yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me."

Irate politician:—"Look here, you published a lie about me this morning—an infamous lie. I won't stand it." Serene editor:—"But just think where you would be if we were to publish the truth about you."

"Do you know what kind of a light that was referred to in the question, 'Where was Moses when the light went out?'" asked the snake editor. "No," replied the horse editor, "what kind was it?" "A Israel-light."

Editor's wife:—"John, there's a burglar in the house." Editor:—"I know it; but keep still; I'll get up as soon as he goes." Editor's wife:—"What's the good then?" Editor:—"What's the good? Why, great Peter! I'll get a scoop on the other papers."

"Are you going to deny that charge you made against me in yesterday's paper?" he thundered at the editor. "No, sir!" thundered back the editor. "That's right," he said, quickly, "if there is one thing I admire it is a man who sticks by his convictions."

Horace Greeley told this story of himself: Soon after he went to learn the printing business he went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is being grievously tormented with a devil."

CHAPTER XV

Hit or Miss

"A hit, a palpable hit."

CONTENTMENT is more to be desired than a horse that can "go it" in two minutes.

"Can't you drive faster, John?" said a farmer's wife; "we'll never get to the village at this rate." "Can't help it," replied John. "Them hosses has plowed all the week, an' I want to save what life they is got left for a dash past the tavern."

It is better to be alone in this world than to bring up a boy to play on the accordeon.

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmer's fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I think the butter would have carried it off easily."

Never go to bed with cold feet, especially if they belong to your wife.

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, how round shouldered some folks would be.

"Yes, I think I shall retire. I have been thirty-five years on the bench." "You must have been able to save considerable money after so long and so honorable a career." "No, I have not. You see there isn't so much money in shoemaking as there used to be."

A lady describing an ill tempered man said ;
"He never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

"What is the origin of the motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second, and a spider down a girl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest motion the world ever saw.

"All men are born free and equal," but the difficulty is that some men are born equal to half a dozen others.

Heoffer :—"What are you engaged in now?"
Pfeiffer :—"I'm in Omaha manufacturing Indian relics to sell at church fairs for the benefit of the heathen."

Said old Jenkins :—" I never knew a woman that gave anybody a piece of her mind that hadn't lots of pieces left."

George (fixing parlor stove) :—" Why the dam——" " George," exclaimed his mother reprovingly. George :—" Pshaw, the dam——" " Why, George," screamed his sisters, " how can you——" George :—" Why hang it all, I was only going to say that the d——" Lizzie :—" How can——" George (continuing desperately) :—" That the damper is turned off and there is no draught. What's the matter with you all ?"

It don't matter how much benevolence a man professes, unless he puts ashes on his sidewalk in icy weather.

A good old Congregational deacon, living in a small town not far from Rutland, was recently taken to task for " hoss-racin' " on Sunday. His defence was : " I don't approve of hoss-racin', but when another member of the church becomes so Godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' home from meetin', I feel it my duty to the church to let out a leetle on the reins just to keep him from puttin' his trust in earthly things."

Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

"I say, waiter!" shouted the impatient gentleman, "do you know that you remind one of the millennium, you're such a long time coming." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the polite attendant, "but you also remind me of something, to wit, the American eagle—such a distance between tips, you know." The matter was straightway settled by arbitration.

One thing can be said in favor of the ice man. If he has any left over he does not warm it up for breakfast.

It was one of the pastor's best sermons and he was describing heaven. It was a place of marvelous, matchless, transcendent beauty, he said. All the mansions were of red brick, with solid white shutters, four inches thick, no cornice, brass door-knobs and white marble steps, with angels continually scrubbing them through all the countless ages of eternity. "Eloquent preacher," said the stranger in the deacon's pew, at the close of the service. "Philadelphia man, ain't he?" "Ah," said the deacon, "somebody told you."

There is a Massachusetts town that has a ladies' brass band. It is such things that are driving our young men west.

At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a long discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed:—"Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion." Twain replied gravely:—"Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity, I have friends in both places."

"Cupid may be blind," but he thoroughly recovers his sight three or four months after it is everlastingly too late.

One day in a Chicago depot a conductor who had large hands, hung one of them out of a car window. Shortly after he felt some one pulling and feeling first of one finger and then of another. He stuck his head out of the window and saw a man who said:—"Say, mister, how do you sell bananas apiece?"

A French barber's sign board reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course, it is always to-morrow.

A rural debating society, after wrestling with the question as to whether or not the married man who comes home after 1 A. M., and finds the door locked is justified in breaking it in, decided that he is, provided his wife is good-natured and too small to reach his hair without the aid of a stepladder.

It is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly generally worries his tailor.

Benjamin Cummings, the inventor of the circular saw, lies buried in a Michigan graveyard. If all the fingers which his invention has lopped off could be collected together, he would have a monument that would overtop the Washington column.

If Congress will just agree to remain in session until it melts and runs through the cracks in the floor, all will be forgiven.

A New Hampshire man kept his whiskey bottle at the bottom of the well, and when his wife found the string and pulled it up he tried to make her believe that it belonged to a Chinaman who had bored through from the other side of the earth.

It is computed that on an average a man's hand has to travel 4,786 miles before killing one little fly.

Judge:—"You are a freeholder?" Prospective jurymen:—"Yes, sir." Judge:—"Married or single?" Prospective jurymen:—"Married three years ago last month." Judge:—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion——" Prospective jurymen:—"Not since I was married."

The sharp sayings of Gen. W. T. Sherman if collected in book form, would make a large volume. Some time during the latter part of the war, or just after it, the society people of the South were in the habit of turning up their noses at "Old Tecumseh" as not blue-blooded. In support of their charge it was reported and published in the Southern newspapers that he had once kept a corner grocery. Some of the younger members of the family wrote to the general, inclosing a cutting from a Southern paper to this effect, and asked him to deny it. The old warrior wrote back that he did not think there was any necessity for a denial, "because, for my part, I think a corner a very good place to keep a grocery."

Tom:—"I can't understand why you applaud such miserable acting!" Dick:—"I do it to keep myself awake."

Out in Minneapolis, a man seen staggering along the street is never charged with being the worse for liquor. He is charitably assumed to be a stranger, unaccustomed to the exhilarating atmosphere of Minnesota.

"I'm very fond of my doll," said Polly, "and I know why. It's because she doesn't never interrupt me when I'm speaking."

New butler:—"If you are Mrs. Smith the missus is out, but if you are Mrs. Brown please walk in." Lady:—"But I am neither; my name is Jones." New butler:—"Well, if you'll just stay where you are I'll ask the missus."

The camel is said to have seven stomachs. He must feel like a walking beehive full of mad bees, if he ever has the colic.

A New York artist was recently visited by a lady friend. The artist was painting an angel. "Why do you always paint your angels with dark hair and black eyes?" asked she. "My wife is a blonde," said he.

That a woman has no idea of distance is known by every husband who has heard his wife boast how far she makes her dollar go.

She :—" Perhaps you are not aware, Colonel Snarlington, that I had half a dozen offers before yours." He :—" And perhaps you are not aware, Mrs. Snarlington, that I proposed to a dozen different women before I met you."

" Pa," she called upstairs, " this clock down here in the hall isn't going." " It isn't, eh ? " he returned ; " well, don't let that be an example to Adolphus."

Literary man (laughingly) :—" Yes, I took to literature naturally. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know." Friend (grimly) :—" The world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel."

Recently a young Norwegian girl after a two-days' sojourn at Castle Garden, secured a situation in a New York family. In attempting to acquaint the girl with the character of her new duties, the head of the family was surprised at her ignorance. Finally, in despair, she asked, " What can you do ? " Her face brightened and she replied : " I can milk reindeer."

A poetess says :—"He gazed upon my burning eyes and fled." This would seem to indicate that he was not a member of the fire department.

"Deacon Smith is reporting that you went gunning last Sunday." "Well, Deacon Smith will get himself into trouble if he doesn't look out. It's a mistake." "I am glad to hear you say so, Robinson. I didn't think you were a man to go gunning on Sunday." "No, sir, I did not go gunning on Sunday, and if necessary I've got the fish to prove it."

Chauncey Depew is authority for the story that a woman on Long Island said she had eaten so many clams that her waist rose and fell with the tide.

"Isn't this train about two hours late?" asked a passenger of the conductor on a branch Dakota road. "Yes, I reckon 'bout that much." "Well, what's the trouble?" "Oh, it's Monday." "What's that got to do with it?" "Why, you see I can't never get as good a start Monday morning—have to 'tend the baby while my wife gets out the washing, you know. Just you wait till to-morrow morning, and I'll pull out before sunrise."

Train boy:—"Pecans? Pecans? Filberts? English walnuts?" Testy old gentleman:—"Go 'way. Haven't got any teeth." Train boy:—"All right, sir. Gum-drops? gum-drops?"

A Burning Shame—First Chicagoan:—"I hope Congress this winter will do something toward suppressing Mormonism. It is a disgrace to our civilization." Second Chicagoan:—"It is, indeed. The idea of a man having to keep his old wife after he has got a new one."

"Pa," said a little boy, "what is an absolute monarchy?" "I can't explain it, my son, so that you can comprehend it. Wait until you get married, my son, and then you'll know."

"What have you for dessert?" asked the tired boarder of the new girl with spit curls and an avenging smile. "Mincepieapplepierspberryrol and cocoanutpuddingonlythecocoanutpudding'sallout and that'swhatyougetforcoming-late," replied the sweet thing.

When a girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him he can for the first time see freckles on her nose.

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you," said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

The New York *Sun* has an article headed "What the Fishermen Want." Everybody ought to know that what the fishermen want is something to eat and a place to dry their trousers.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply. "My husband drives a canal boat."

Guide (showing places of historic interest):—"It was in this room that Washington received his first commission." Mr. Einstein:—"His first commission! Ish dot so?" Guide:—"Yes, sir. It is a fact." Mr. Einstein:—"Vot percentage of commission did he get?"

"Father," asked little Johnny, "why is it that they always begin the legislative sessions with prayer?" "I don't know, my son," replied the father, "unless it is to sort o' blind the eyes of the Lord as to what is done after the prayer is ended."

"He is utterly unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent, "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next."

St. Peter :—"Halt!" New Spirit :—"Can't I come in?" St. Peter :—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe."

Visitor in the penitentiary :—"What crime brought you to this place, my friend?" Convict :—"Sneezing." Visitor :—"Sneezing?" Convict :—"Yis, sorr. It woke the gentleman up, and he nabbed me."

An Albany man fell dead while cleaning the snow off his sidewalk. It is supposed he suddenly discovered that he had got over the line, and removed the snow from nearly six inches of his neighbor's territory.

When a man takes two cigars from his pocket, puts one in his mouth, and offers you the other with the information that they are two for a quarter, you can generally make up your mind that he is going to smoke the twenty cent one.

"Keep the boys on the farm," says an agricultural exchange. Beg pardon, but a friend of ours owns a fruit farm about eight miles out of town, and he says it takes all his time, two dogs and a shotgun to keep the boys off the farm.

First stranger (in Boston):—"Can you tell me how to reach Washington street?" Second stranger:—"That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet."

Stanzer:—"I'd like to know how to get this poem published. I've sent it to a dozen editors, but it's of no use." Carper:—"You might put it in an envelope, leave it on your table and then commit suicide. All the papers would have it next day."

Mr. Nagger:—"I believe if I was to die you'd be willing to wed Beelzebub himself, just to see if you could force him into subjection to your will." Mrs. Nagger:—"The law does not allow a woman to marry the father of her deceased husband."

We saw a farmer caught in a barbed wire fence, the other day, confined by two prongs so that he could not stir either way. As we saw the same farmer putting up the accursed nuisance in the spring, we simply wept and passed by.

CHAPTER XVI

A Few Conundrums

“Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?”

WHAT is taken from you before you possess it? Your photograph.

A correspondent asks:—“Would you or any of your readers inform a constant reader how to learn to play the flute?” Not if we know ourselves.

Why was Adam's first day the longest? Because there was no Eve.

A writer describes a beauty as having an “exquisite moulded face, of which two dark hazel eyes are the central feature.” Where is her nose situated?

Teacher:—“Define ‘snoring.’” Small Boy:—“Letting off sleep.”

Entering the asylum for inebriates, he asked: “Do you treat drunkards here?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?”

"What can I use to clean carpets?" inquired a lady correspondent. Use your husband.

Bobby (proud of his progress in Latin):—"Pop, what's the Latin for people?" Father:—"I don't know." Bobby:—"Populi." Father (fiercely):—"What do you mean, you young scamp? Lie, do I? By the Piper lad I've half a notion to baste you."

Kate Field asks:—"How many women marry a good man?" One at a time, Kate, except in Utah.

"Sam, why are lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subjec'." Pomp:—"Why, don't you see? 'Cause dey am so fond of debate."

A paper accidentally got one of Browning's poems in its puzzle department, and three weeks later the editor received sixty-four letters from his readers asking why he didn't print the answer. They all admitted that it was one of the hardest puzzles they ever attacked.

"Can February March?" asks the punster, with a sickly smile. Perhaps not, but April May.

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No."
"How do they kick then?" "With their breeches, my son."

Old Gentleman (putting a few questions):—
"Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar (like a shot):—"Please, sir, th'worsn't no commandment then, sir!"

A youth wishes to know how long girls should be courted? Why, the same as short girls, of course.

"Father," said Rollo, "what is meant by the intoxication of wealth?" "Means that money is tight," replied Rollo's father, who had been shinning around all the afternoon with a piece of paper looking for an autograph.

Why is it easy to get in an old man's house? Because his gate is broken and his locks are few.

A muff is defined as "A thing which holds a girl's hand and don't squeeze it." Correct; any fellow is "a muff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing it.

Why are the works of a watch like the flowers that bloom in the spring? Because they've nothing to do with the case.

"Was Early Man a Savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man was dressing to catch the 4 A. M. train, and his collar button fell behind the bureau, the probabilities are that he was about as savage as they make 'em.

"Whom shall our girls marry?" asks a New York editor with considerable anxiety. Out here the experiment is tried of having our girls marry widowers.

"Pa," said Bobby, who had been allowed to sit up a little while after dinner with the distinct understanding that he was to ask no foolish questions, "can God do everything?" "Yes." "Can he make a two foot rule with only one end to it?" "One more question like that," said the old man, "and you will be packed off to bed." Bobby nodded sleepily for ten minutes and then asked: "Pa, can a camel go seven days without water?" "Yes." "Well, how many days could he go if he had water?" The next thing Bobby knew he was in bed.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

A correspondent asks: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" First cheat the lawyer, and then we will answer the conundrum.

When did General George Washington have his first ride in a public carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you squeeze to get cider, and the other you get 'side her to squeeze.

A professor in the medical department of the University of Texas asked one of the most advanced students:—"What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?" "False teeth, of course."

"When I stand on my head," said Flipkins, with the air of a man who has got a poser, "the blood all rushes into my head. Now when I stand on my feet why don't the blood all rush into my feet?" "Because," replied Mrs. Cushanigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."

CHAPTER XVII

To Keep from Going to Sleep

"Some griefs are unmedicinal."

THE seasick man who casts his bread upon the waters, will not find it after many days.

A problem in division: The meanest man up to date is Snifkins. He sold Jones a half-interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front half. The cow hooked Snifkins, and now Snifkins is suing Jones for damages.

"Good-morning, Mr. Good; you've arrived, I see. How did you leave your wife?" "I left her talkin'."

"Henry," said his wife, in a vexed tone, "why do you go out between each act?" "Because the play is so dry," said Henry, putting another clove in his mouth. "Well, then," returned the puzzled woman, "why don't you keep your seat and let the play go out if it is dry?"

Guest at Washington hotel (handing over watch and well-filled pocketbook before retiring):—"I want to leave these with you for safe keeping." Clerk:—"You wish to stay all night, sir?" Guest:—"Of course." Clerk:—"All right. I'll apply these on account."

He:—"What a pretty fan!" She:—"Yes, I had it given to me when I first came out!" He:—"Really! It has worn well!"

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, anyhow, "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."

This is the season of the year when you can get what you don't want real cheap.

"Well, William," said Mr. Heardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now, at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent—in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the typewriter. I'll attend to her myself."

Too literal—He:—"Oh, well, it is the spirit of unrest that drives us from one thing to another continually. We are here to-day and there to-morrow." She:—"Why, I thought you were there yesterday, Mr. Filkins."

The proper course to pursue on being informed that somebody is about to pull your nose is to procure some tallow and grease it.

Conductor (on Staten Island Rapid Transit railway):—"Madam, you must pay full fare for that boy." Lady passenger (with a sigh):—"I suppose I will have to pay full fare the balance of the way, but he was only ten years old when we left Tottenville. If we reach St. George before he has whiskers I'll not begrudge it."

Wealth is an enemy to self-reliance and industry. As soon as a man gets a canoe he wants to get somebody to paddle it for him.

"Mattie, Mattie!" called an Omaha dame to her daughter, "I do wish you would play something besides Wagner. I am so sick of it." "I am not at the piano, mother," responded the daughter from an adjoining room. "Then who is it?" "Nurse and the baby."

"There is a vast difference between the boys of to-day and those of fifty years ago," remarks a newspaper writer. We should say so. A great many of the boys of fifty years are dead and a great many of those of to-day should be.

In reply to the question :—"Will the coming man be bald?" the Norristown *Herald* affirms that "he generally is when he first comes."

A Chinaman who, after several years' residence in this country, returned to China, has been telling his countrymen that the Americans worship a mysterious being who is called All Mi-T Dol Lar. There is a well formed impression that John himself is fast becoming a convert to this same religion.

Softleigh :—"Miss Flyte, do you think Miss Giggie is laughing at me?" Miss Flyte :—"I can't say, Mr. Softleigh. She often laughs at almost nothing."

"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer. "Throw them?" queried the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Agriculturist (with animal to sell):—"Yars, sir, she's seven-eights Jersey, an' ye may ask Squire Un'erwood or eny of um 'round here, an' they'll tell ye so." Amateur farmer:—"Seven eights Jersey. Well, what's the other eights?" Agriculturist:—"Why—eh—that's cow of course."

A recent novel has this passage:—"And with both arms clasped about her slender waist he stroked her hair fondly."

The Danville *Breeze* tells of a young woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two calves:—"Oh, see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," said the young man; "those are not cowlets, but bullets."

3 There are some women who wouldn't be happy in a mansion in heaven unless they could clean house about once every three months.

"There is another cold wave coming," remarked Mr. Fangle to his wife last night. "Where from?" asked his wife. "From the northwest, where they all come from." "Why do all the cold waves come from the northwest, my dear?" "Oh, because there is so much coolness between St. Paul and Minneapolis."

Bulgaria is having a vast amount of trouble in finding a king—almost as much in fact, as a man who already has two in his hand.

“Mortimer, do you enjoy living in houses that are rented furnished?” “Yes, indeed; the people who owned the one we have this summer left a whole stack of old love letters in one of the bureau drawers.”

“Truth is becoming scarcer every day,” says Talmage. It is a fact that during the past few years a great deal of truth has been withdrawn from circulation.

Now comes an iconoclast and says that there is a colored man who lives at Mt. Vernon, where George is buried, and he told a lady that once there was a little slave boy named Ike, who lived with Mr. Washington's family, and that what George really said was, “I cannot tell a lie, father, Ike did it,” but that the father didn't hear straight.

A man recently died in a Philadelphia restaurant while waiting for his breakfast. There are some of the slowest people in the world in Philadelphia.

An Irishman wrote home to his friends over the briny that in this blessed land everybody is so honest a reward has to be offered for thieves.

A tourist, standing on the shore of the Worther Lake, called out in a loud voice, "Halloo, there, which of you fellows can swim?" All the boatmen crowded round him, exclaiming, "I can, sir! I can!" Only one stood apart from the rest. To him the tourist said, "You there, can't you swim?" "No, sir." "Very good, then ferry me across."

A down-town grocer has a sign in his window:—"Picnics Supplied." He was a little taken aback the other day when a young fellow came in and ordered one girl.

Some years since a Boston oculist, who was rather noted for coolness and drollery, was in the midst of an Easter crowd when he felt a hand in the pocket of his overcoat. Without making any attempt to grab the thief, he simply turned his head over his shoulder and observed, loud enough to be heard all around:—"If you are feeling in my pocket for a prayer-book, I haven't one with me. If you are after my purse, I don't carry it in my overcoat."

I think all children should learn early to say No. Yes, boys should, of course, but with girls there are times when they should be prepared to say Yes.

Speaking of the cold weather in the south, nobody seems to have given a thought to the mosquitoes in that section. How they must have suffered !

Now the festive housewife twists a veil or towel around her noble brow and stands everything in the house on its head, including the old man if he enters protest.

Five million needles recently sunk with an ocean steamer to the bottom of the sea. We hope the mermaids will take the hint and make themselves some clothes.

A new kind of cheese is made, which is said to appeal strongly to the imagination. That may be so, but we never heard a man's nose called by that name before.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to be a very thoughtful piano player. A thoughtful player, we suppose, is one who doesn't practice six hours a day with the windows wide open.

"A grindstone," says an agricultural contemporary, "is one of the worst used implements on the farm, and, by the powers! the other is the boy who has to turn the blasted thing."

A southern hotel advertises among its attractions a parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide. We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.

Jayson:—"Say, Wilson, do you ever expect to pay me that ten dollars you got from me some months ago?" Wilson:—"Certainly not. Don't you remember you said not to pay it till it was convenient."

"Yes," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent-minded." "What did he do?" "He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

Every bicyclist should use his personal influence to secure good roads, but his duty does not require him to get off his wheel over the handles and smooth the highway down with the back of his neck.

He:—"I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act." She:—"No; but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

A citizen of Hope, Indiana, dropped dead a day or two ago while washing his hands and face. "And yet," says a local paper, "some people will persist in fooling with water."

Girls who can play "Gospel Hymns," on the piano with the windows open Sunday afternoon are greatly wanted in the western mining towns. At least they are not wanted here.

"The bravest are the tenderest," except in the case of spring chickens of last spring.

Jones (who is canvassing the borough):—"Oh, what a charming baby! I've always taken such an interest in very young children. A—how old is it?" Elector's wife (with pride):—"Only just fourteen weeks, sir." Jones:—"Really! A—and is it your youngest?"

Jane Marsh Parker has written a book which she calls "The Midnight Cry." We have not read it, but we know all about it, and Jane has our sympathy. The cats bother us, too.

Fish is good brain food, but it does seem a pity, in some cases, to waste so much fish.

These are the days when the young man puts on knee breeches and stockings, and mounting a bicycle, starts for a long tour, feeling perfectly happy till a sixteen year old country girl, with blue eyes as big as saucers, shouts:—"Hey, mister, come here an' I'll lend yer money enough to buy legs for them pants."

So long as a dozen clothes pins can be bought for a cent, there is no excuse for snoring in church.

A candidate for office rode up to a house in Gilead and asked for the head of the family. "He's down in the field," said the latter's wife, "burying our dog." "What killed the dog?" asked the office-seeker. "He killed himself barking at candidates." The candidate rode away.

An Englishman in Madras has, by a lucky accident, made a photograph of a tiger in the act of seizing its prey. It was only a partial success, however, as he didn't have time to tell the beast to "look pleasant."

A man is always a bachelor until he gets married, and then he is anything his wife chooses to call him, and she usually does.

"Has your father got his affairs wound up yet?" said a Cleveland man to young Mr. Flatt, whose paternal parent, Flatt, the jeweler, recently made an assignment. "No," answered the youth, "and he ain't likely to get 'em wound up inside of twenty years." "How so?" cried the astonished citizen. "Why, his assets are mostly in Waterbury watches."

Two young ladies were examining the animals in Central Park, New York; last Sunday.

"Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer!"

The other young lady bowed her head and wept.

"Why, what is the matter with you now?"

"You don't know how it hurts my feelings to have you talk about spotted deer. I once had a spotted dear."

"You had?"

"Yes; my dear was a street car conductor and we were going to be married; but the company spotted him, and my deer had to resign his position, and ever since I have to sigh whenever I hear anybody talking about a spotted deer."

A great scarcity of the very small coins is reported. We are afraid the heathen have got all the very small coins by this time.

"Do you believe in early marriages, Mr. Wiseman?" "Indeed, and I do," replied the old man; "long about sundown or airy candle light's plenty late enough; saves a power of expense in lightin' up the house an' keepin' the fires agoin' till after the midnight hour. 'Fi had a dozen daughters to marry off they'd get married in the afternoon."

"Everybody," remarks the *Macon Telegraph*, "is glad that Mr. Edison is married. They want him to invent a method whereby the baby's midnight shrieks will be carried off on a wire to frighten away the cats on the roof."

"How are you getting along with your work on the piano?" asked Blinkins of a young woman. "Oh, very well; I can see great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I commenced to practice. The next family stayed a month, the next ten weeks and the people there now have remained nearly six months."

One of our young men was so badly frightened when accepted by the idol of his soul that the left shoulder of his coat turned grey. He brushed it off after he got home.

Landlady:—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder Smith:—"Ah, yes, poor thing. I was expecting that; I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been strong."

She:—"Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field!" He:—"That isn't a scarecrow." She:—"It must be; see how motionless it is." He:—"That's the hired man at work."

"Some infernal old idiot has put my pen where I can't find it," growled an old Asperity this morning as he rooted about his office desk. "Ah—ah—yes! I thought so," he continued, in a milder tone, as he hauled the writing utensil from out behind his ear.

It is said that a quart of whiskey will neutralize a snake bite. We wonder if a snake bite wouldn't neutralize the effects of a quart of whiskey? If it would every drunken man's wife should be the proprietor of a big snake.

How inconsistent some men are ! We have heard a man express the gravest doubts of everything relating to theology and revealed religion, and then got up next morning and made a hearty meal off boarding-house hash.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Long Chapter for the Ladies

“How we apples swim!”

✓ A DUMB wife may be said to be an unspeakable blessing.

Dry goods clerk (to lady looking at mourning goods):—“That is an excellent piece of goods, madam.” Lady:—“Will it do up nicely?” Clerk:—“O, yes, madam. I sold some of that crape to Mrs. Smith several years ago, and to-day she is wearing it for her third husband.”

The woman who declares she wouldn’t marry the best man on earth often picks out one of the worst.

Mr. Moody tells of an old woman during the late war who started out with a poker when she heard the enemy were approaching, and when asked what she could do with a poker in driving back armed soldiers, replied:—“I can show them which side I am on.”

Japanese girls bronze their lips, and it is a significant fact that they always require rebronzing Monday morning.

"Why, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, "you don't mean it is all over between you and Mr. Grimshaw?" "What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady haughtily, "is the—the undraped actuality."

A fashionable girl's motto—never put off till to-morrow what you can get your mother to do to-day.

"I have a good bit of news for you, John," said a fond young wife. "Yes," remarked John, expectantly. "Yes. You remember that two weeks ago hothouse grapes were quoted at eight dollars a pound. Well, I bought some to day for six dollars."

Chollie (singing) :—"How can I leave thee?"
Ethel (coldly) :—"The front door is still doing business at the old stand. Try that."

Down in Revere they use water drawn from artesian wells, and a discouraged mother says it is so hard that the neighbors can hear it squeak when she uses it to wash the baby.

A Pennsylvania woman has worked on a crazy quilt all day for thirteen years. The quilt is not quite crazy, but she is.

"How hideous Miss B. looked in that new bonnet." "I thought it was very becoming; at least the trimming was very appropriate." "I didn't notice the trimming." "The bonnet was trimmed with ivy leaves. Ivy clings to old ruins."

"Mamma, why is papa bald?" "I am his fourth wife, darling."

"What in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?" "The can opener, of course," he growled. "What do you s'pose I opened it with?" "I thought from the language you used that you opened it with prayer."

A western man has a cyclone cellar which he retires to when his wife commences house-cleaning.

"I heard that old Mr. Spriggins was sick, Mrs. Snaggs." "Yes, he seems to be in a bad way, Mrs. Fangle." "What is the matter?" "He was taken with an athletic fit, I believe."

Our country's best resources are undoubtedly its women; but its resources should be husbanded.

A French engineer after a series of experiments with a pie baked by a Vassar College girl, now announces that he believes the project of tunneling the Rocky Mountains is entirely practicable.

A woman may not be very far-sighted in business matters, but she can diagnose the trimmings of a bonnet as far as a man can smell fried onions.

The Youngloves have recently bought a farm on Long Island. On Mr. Younglove's return from the city he is met by an odor of vinaigre de toilette and a tearful servant maid. Mr. Younglove:—"What is the matter? Has anything happened to Mrs. Younglove?" Maid:—"Oh, if you please, sir, this morning Mrs. Younglove found them beehives in the garden, sir, and nothing would do but they must be cleaned, because this is the time of year to clean houses, and before I knew it, sir, she was at 'em herself, and—she's upstairs, sir, but her own mother wouldn't know her."

According to Mrs. Grundy it is the ambition of the average youth at the seaside to dress as much like a fool as possible.

Mistress (to applicant for cook):—"What experience have you had as a cook?" Applicant:—"I wuz siven years in me lasht place, mum." Mistress:—"Why did you leave them?" Applicant:—"The mather an' mistress both died, mum." Mistress:—"What did they die of?" Applicant:—"Indigestion, mum."

Mr. Penn:—"Don't you think, Miss Foote, that the use of slang by women is deplorable?" Miss Foote (of Chicago):—"Bet your sweet life I do."

"Well, Ethalinda De Wiggs, I don't see how you could have engaged yourself to that old Slimkins. Why, he hasn't a tooth in his head," exclaimed Miss Wiggs' dearest friend when she heard of the engagement. "Well, dear," was the reply, "you mustn't be too hard on him on that account, for he was born that way." "Was he? I didn't know, or I wouldn't have said anything about it," was the sympathetic response.

A young lady should not allow her head to be turned by flattery, but if a bonnet passes her on the street she may turn it just a little.

Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her own antecedents and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed and spoke cheerily : "I'm so glad to meet you. I've often wanted to. It's so funny—my name is Sawyer and my grandfather was a tailor, and your name is Taylor and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

"Sally, how do you like your new place? Is it a religious family?" "Well, I guess it is. They always have beans on Sunday."

An old lady on a train in Alabama the other day, who was evidently taking her first ride in the cars, was greatly alarmed while the train was passing over a high trestle. She grasped the seat and held her breath until the opposite side of the chasm was reached, when she gave a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed : "Thank God ! she's lit !"

Mrs. De Society :—"What a lovely baby we just passed." Mrs. De Fashion :—"Yes, it is mine." "Indeed?" "Oh, I am sure of it, I recognized the nurse."

A pretty city girl, who spent last summer on a Maine farm, got up a mild flirtation with the bashful young man of the house. One evening, as she swung in the hammock in the moonlight, she coyly asked him, "What is God's best gift to man?" He pondered a moment as he watched the color come and go in her cheeks and then said decisively, "a hoss."

Talk about generalship! If Napoleon had ever seen a girl climb a barbed wire fence he would have held the honors of Austerlitz as nothing.

Featherly :—"Do you mind staying out on the balcony, Miss Mabel? It is such a fine evening." Mabel :—"Oh, no! And you must light your cigar; I like the smoke out of doors." (After a pause.) "What are you looking for, Mr. Featherly?" Featherly : "Why, a match." Mabel (shyly) :—"So am I." And he took the hint.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly; "sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.

"Fanny Finch fried five flounder fish for Frances Fowler's father." If large-mouthed girls will repeat this pretty sentence enough times and with sufficient rapidity their mouths will grow smaller. If it gets monotonous they can turn it around and let "Frances fry fish for Fannie's father."

Young husband (to wife) :—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" (Young wife) :—"I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagines he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?" "I don't know about that; my husband has got the same notion in his head."

An Ohio woman went to bed one night and woke up the next morning to find her jaw dislocated. It is supposed that she got to talking in her sleep.

Husband :—"The photographer is ready to take your picture, I guess." Photographer :—"Yes, all ready, now look pleasant." Wife (before the camera) :—"My dear, I think you'd better go into the other room."

"Your heartlessness is turning my hair grey," exclaimed his wife. "Why don't you dye then?" was the cruel rejoinder.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

Polite drummer (in railway train) :—"Is this seat engaged?" Pretty girl :—"No, but I am."

City belle (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside) :—"What's that?" Country cousin :—"That's milkweed." City belle :—"Oh, yes; what you feed the cows on, I suppose."

"Yes, Mr. Oldboy," she simpered, "I have seen twenty-seven springs. Would you think it?" "Well, yes, ma'am. I don't know but what I would," Mr. Oldboy said, "and I guess some of them springs must have been very backward."

Judge:—"Madam, what is your age?"
She:—"Your Honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court."

"Did you know, Mrs. Thickly," said that lady's pedantic husband, "that man is an animal?" "Yes, I did," replied she, "and what's more I know that some animals is dumb animals, and that some men is dumber than all the dumb animals put together. That may not be grammar, but it's facts."

The woman-question:—"Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"

He was looking for a rich wife and thought he was on the trail. "I love you," he said in rich, warm tones, "more than I can tell you in words." "You'd better try figures," she replied coldly, for she was not so green as she looked.

When a wife has "fire in her eye" her husband thinks it about time for him to get up and see that there is a fire in the stove.

Miss Joy:—"Madam, Mr. Foster has come to take me for a drive, may I go, madam?"

Madam:—"You know, Miss Joy, the rules of Vassar do not allow it, unless you are engaged—are you engaged to Mr. Foster?" Miss Joy (doubtfully):—"N—no, but—if you will let me go I shall be by the time we get back."

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

Magistrate:—"Madam, your husband charges you with assault." Madam:—"Yes, your Honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your Honor (tears), and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

Young Lady:—"Mr. Conductor, will I have time to say good-bye to my friends?" Conductor:—"Guess not, miss; this train leaves in two hours and a half."

Mistress:—"Mary, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." Mary:—"All right, mum, I'll pull down the blinds."

She:—"Mr. Faintheart, did you read that sad case in New York where the poor girl died from heart disease on receiving a proposal?" He:—"Yes, it was sad." She:—"Very, indeed. What made it more interesting to me was the fact that the doctor examined my heart only last week and found it perfectly sound."

She:—"He's a very knowing dog; why, when it's ten o'clock papa always closes the house, you know, and then Carlo barks; he is going to bark now."

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston):—"I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm." Penelope (dubiously):—"Is there any society in the neighborhood?" Mrs. Waldo:—"I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and the Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people."

The gossip of a single sewing society in Ohio has broken up four families and caused a suicide, and yet the good work for the heathen goes on.

In the path of philosophy woman has seldom strolled to much distance, but when times are tight she can go to market with a dollar bill and come back with more comfort in a basket than a man could crowd into a two-horse wagon and told to back up and help himself.

Preceptress:—"Yes, I can talk fluently seven different languages." Vassar girl:—"I don't see how you can keep still a minute."

"O, our teacher, Miss Jones, is a perfect amazon," remarked a pupil of a South Side public school, while conversing with a friend. "Yes," assented the second party, who was better read in geography than in history. "I have noticed that she has an awful big mouth."

"Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make it up," she said, forgivingly. "I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up."

Omaha dame:—"Your baby seems very bright of his age." Kansas mother:—"O, he's just as smart as they make them." "Can he say papa and mamma yet?" "No, he ain't learned that, but you ought to hear him lisp 'weal estate.'"

Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearing him talk pretty ; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.

Two ladies were conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one, with a twinkle of her beautiful eyes, "I have never known but two women who were really perfect." "Who was the other?" asked her companion, with a smile on her thin face.

"Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear to-night in my hair?" "Yes, mum, but ——" "But what?" "I've mislaid the hair, mum."

"People needn't sneer at me because I am an old maid," said Miss Gildersleeve, snappishly. "I may be an old maid, but if I am, I'm one from choice." "Yes," said Mr. Cassignole, sympathetically, "so I've always understood. Choice was quite unanimous, wasn't it?"

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

The Smith College girls have organized a society for the protection of birds. The larks of the young gentlemen will receive their first attention.

The woman who has kept a household cash account straight to a cent for a whole year is going to divide the prize with the man who has always been willing to show to his wife every letter he received—when they are both discovered.

The queen is so much pleased with Tennyson's latest ode that she has learned to whistle it while cooking the family victuals over the kitchen stove in the morning.

Miss Wideawake (to young agriculturist from Vermont) :—"I fancy, Mr. Sidehill, that you are very fond of husbandry?" Mr. Sidehill (with an unutterable expression) :—"I s'pose I would be, Miss Wideawake, if I could find the right kind of a gal."

"Did you see the Alps while you were abroad, Miss De Lyle?" he asked. "Oh, I think so," she replied, brightly. "We went everywhere and saw everything."

Emerson said, "It is not beauty that inspires the deepest passion." This is calculated to give the girl who wears spectacles a little needful encouragement.

Confirmed bachelor:—"How time does fly, Miss Seaside. Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this spot." Miss Seaside (who wishes she hadn't):—"So long as that! I was young and foolish then, Mr. Smith." Confirmed bachelor:—"But we are both older and wiser now."

Six hundred American girls are studying music in Milan. American girls are always considerate. It isn't every girl who would go so far from home to bang a piano.

Aristocratic New York lady:—"I'd like to know, Bridget, what has become of all the roast beef and cake that was left over from yesterday?" Bridget:—"Sure, mum, didn't ye niver have a perlace man callin' on ye whin ye were of my age?"

Young housewife:—"What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

"Mr. B., I wish you wouldn't smoke so much." "Why, the chimney smokes, my dear." "Well, if it does, it doesn't spit over everything."

Mrs. Envy (meeting Mrs. Gethar on the street):—"Why, Mrs. Gethar, you look so well; I didn't know you at first." Mrs. Gethar:—"Is it really you, Mrs. Envy? Don't you know I mistook you for your sister. How becoming her clothes are to you."

Maud:—"How becoming your Easter bonnet is, dear!" Mabel:—"Do you really think so?" Maud:—"It's lovely! Why, it looks almost as well as it did last Easter."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what is that man doing over there on Mr. Thompson's porch? He has been sitting on the steps for two hours and a half and hasn't moved." "That, my child, is a house painter. He is painting Mr. Thompson's house by the day."

"What time did John go away last night, Mary Ann?" "It was a quarter of twelve, father." "Three," she said to herself, "are a quarter of twelve."

A girl baby, born in New York during a terrible storm, has been named Cyclonia. She will probably live to blow up her husband some day.

Young husband:—"Er—what kind of cake is this, my dear?" Young wife:—"Marble cake, Algernon. Isn't it nice?" Young husband:—"Splendid. If there was enough of it it would make a nice front for a public building."

Women are liable to make mistakes, but the one hasn't been born yet who would mistake a plush sacque for a sealskin if another woman had it on.

A lady who had had her photograph taken was showing it to her husband. "Do you think it looks like me?" she asked. "Yes," he said, after a critical examination, "it looks like you, only it seems very quiet."

"Oh, Mr. Lighthouse," remarked Miss Old-girl, with a simper, "I've seen just eighteen happy summers to-day." "Only eighteen happy ones," replied he, with pity in his tone. "What an unhappy life you must have had."

Mr. Findout:—"Sad about Mrs. S.—died this morning while trying on a new dress." Mrs. Findout:—"No, you don't say so; what was it trimmed with?"

"I'm going to leave, mum!" "What for? I am sure I have done all the work myself in order to keep a girl." "Well, mum, the work is not done to suit me."

"Yes," said old Mrs. Badger, "I have met Colonel Ingersoll, and I thought he was a very pleasant gentleman; but I have heard that he was a regular amethyst."

"Why don't you mind what I say?" said an Irish mother to her child. "You pay no more attention to what I say than if I was a dumb beast talking to ye."

One lady said to another:—"Have you been to church to day? We had a most beautiful sermon on training children." "No, I was at home doing it," was the reply.

Dude:—"Excuse me, Miss Sharp; I had quite forgotten you. I am so absent-minded, don't you know?" Miss Sharp:—"Yes, I have noticed the absence of mind."

A Hartford lady who was living with her second husband explained that she noticed very little difference between the two—hardly enough to pay for getting married again.

“How I do like to look through a telescope!” exclaimed a young lady. “Through a telescope?” sneered a sour-tempered old aunt. “Through a telescope! Humph! Give me a keyhole.”

“What are the Blinkinsop girls in mourning for?” “Their parrot.” “In mourning for a parrot! Why, it is a positive sacrilege.” “Oh, but this one could repeat the Lord’s prayer, you know.”

A Norristown woman mistook the chess diagrams in a New York daily paper for a crazy-quilt pattern, and has built one of these horrors therefrom which is the envy of all her lady friends.

“Is this a trunk line?” asked the summer girl at the railway station. “No,” replied the ticket agent, “it is a branch.” “Oh, I’m so sorry; for I wanted to take four trunks along with me.”

He:—"I declare, Miss Angelina, you treat me worse than your dog!" She:—"Oh, Mr. De Mogyns, how can you say so? I'm sure I never make the slightest difference between you."

A Louisville woman tried vainly to buy a bonnet for less than the twenty-five dollars asked. She described the bonnet to her servant, who went to the shop and bought it for twelve dollars.

Eleven P. M.; "Gerty, I will do anything in the world to make you happy." "Do you mean it, George?" "I do, I do, darling." "Then for heaven's sake go home and let me go to bed."

"Poor John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "he's lost nearly everything. But George says he's got lots of creditors left, and that is some comfort. 'Tain't as ef he didn't have absolutely nothin' left."

Mandolin playing is the latest fashionable craze among young ladies. Perhaps, after all, the time will come when it will be considered the proper thing to play on a sewing machine.

A sharp-sighted observer is firm in the belief that a woman works harder and gets madder in putting up a clothes line on a windy day than a man would do in building a line of telegraph nine miles long.

Angelina :—"No, dear, mamma says I mustn't let you kiss me." Rupert :—"Quite right, Angy, love. You kiss me instead." "O! that's another way of putting it," and she put it that way.

"Yes, I'm opposed to girls marryin' furriners," said old Mrs. Sipes. "I'm just that opposed to it that if my girls can't marry people of their own sex they needn't marry at all, and that's all about it."

Lady of the house (shivering) :—"Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?" Bridget :—"I think not, mum; I've been at the gate all the evening with a gentleman, and it didn't go by me, mum, I'm sure."

Before Boston goes entirely crazy over her female barbers she ought to pause a little between beans and ruminate upon the trouble Sampson got into by letting a woman cut his hair.

On a horse car—First lady:—"Do take that seat. I don't mind standing a bit." Second lady:—"No, you take it. You are older than I." An ominous silence, during which an old gentleman pops into the seat.

A philanthropist asked the daughter of a rich manufacturer, who employs hundreds of men, if she ever did anything for her father's hands? "No," was the reply, "but I rub mine with glycerine and oatmeal every night."

She was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked:—"Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir, his room is an octavo higher—in the next flat," she replied, in a pianissimo andante tone of voice.

"Are you fond of dancing, Mr. Slim?" asked a young lady of a dude who had been her partner in the last lancers. "Aw, yaas, awfully fond, you know." "Then why don't you get some one to teach you how?"

"Has George yet hinted that he is fond of you?" asked the girl's mother. "No," she replied, thoughtfully, "and I doubt if he ever will; he complained last night his corns hurt him, and it was not ten o'clock."

Miss Fussanfeather drank a glass of milk at Mrs. Crimsonbeak's last evening. When asked her opinion, she said it was just heavenly. She explained to her ma, when she got home, that she said so because it was so blue.

"Mother, what is an angel?" "My dear, it is a little girl with wings who flies." "But I heard papa telling the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?" "Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."

"I bless Eve for eating that apple," said a young lady the other day, as she stood before the mirror. "Why?" asked a companion. "Because there is such a delight in trying on a new dress when it fits well."

Caller:—"Is Mrs. Yerger at home?" Servant:—"Yes, mum, walk right in." Visitor (naïvely):—"Dear me, why I certainly never dreamt that I should find her at home such a beautiful afternoon as this."

Mistress (to servant):—"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?" Servant:—"Yes, mum." Mistress:—"What did they say?" Servant:—"How fortinit!"

Dressmaker:—"There doesn't seem to be stuff enough here to make a train three yards long." Society belle:—"Dear me, how much more is needed?" "About half a yard." "Well, take it off the neck."

CHAPTER XIX

For the Young People

"Small Pitchers have Wyde Eares."

FROM a boy's diary : "Monday, hired ; Tuesday, tired ; Wednesday, fired."

Sunday-school teacher (proudly) :—"Now, Johnny, stand up before the school and tell the people clearly and distinctly who Joshua was ?" Johnny (six-year-old authority on bibliology) :—"Joshua was a thun of a gun."

Old Mrs. Chaffie :—"Johnnie, how many times have I told you to stop that noise ?" Johnnie (reflectively) :—"Seven."

A little Comstock girl brought home from the garden of a neighbor some pansies in full bloom, which she was carefully planting and watering in a patch of ground in front of her mother's door. "Think they'll do anything ?" said a gentleman who was passing. "Yes, sir," said the child, "I guess they will, soon as they get a little acquainted."

Lady guest (to small boy):—"Why, Willie, how tanned you are!" Willie (frankly):—"Yes'm; father done it."

Bobby had wickedly eaten part of the preserves on the shelf, and so his mother shut him in the closet. On letting him out she discovered that he had eaten the rest of the preserves. Mightily displeased, she asked him why he had done so. "Because, ma," Bobby replied, "I heard pa tell one of his clients that a person couldn't be punished twice for the same offence."

Bennie was asked if he was afraid of the dark. "Oh, no," he said, "I go in great piles of dark."

Tommy:—"Are we going to take the cat with us when we go to see grandma next week?" Mrs. Figg:—"Of course not. What makes you ask such foolish questions?" Tommy:—" 'Cause I heard pa tell Mr. Braggs that the mice would have a high old time while the cat was away."

"I wish," said the Rev. Mr. G.'s little four-year-old, "that you wouldn't always talk to me in your Heavenly Father voice."

Mrs. Cobwigger:—"Now, Freddy, if you're not a good boy I'll send you to bed without any dinner." Freddy:—"Say, ma, what are we going to have for dinner?"

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnnie?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room. "Nope," replied Johnnie. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Irene's married."

"Are you asleep, Bobby?" "Why, ma?" "Because it is time to take your medicine." "Then I'm asleep."

"Bill, tell ye what le's do. You git in the woodbox an' hide, an' growl, an' scare dad. He'll think it's a bear." Great scheme. Bill hides. Just before he growls, however, dad comes in with a cord of stove wood in his arms, which he drops with an awful crash into the woodbox. Bill forgets how to growl, but makes a good imitation of a howl. Dad has to take all the wood out to excavate Bill, after which another scene of terror occurs, but it isn't dad that is scared.

Child (about to be spanked):—"Oh, mamma dear, do wait until winter; it makes me so warm in summer!"

"Tommy," said the gentleman, sternly, "I understand that you were hanging about the Polo grounds this afternoon instead of being at school. I won't have you wasting your time in this way. What on earth could you see or hear by peeking through a knot hole in the fence?" "I could see you, pap," responded Tommy, "settin' on the grand-stand, and shoutin' 'Good boy, Danny!'"

"Does your mother wear felt slippers?" asked an old lady of a little boy where she was visiting. "Yes, ma'am, she do. I've felt 'em."

Willie (regretfully):—"I'd like just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I 'spect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you mustn't kiss the boys." Gracie:—"Yes, that's what she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well! She says to me, she says, 'Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys.' Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Bilby's."

Hunter:—"Boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy:—"Yep." Hunter:—"How long ago?" Boy:—"It'll be three years ago next Christmas."

An old gentleman, while visiting a school, was invited to address the scholars. He looked up and down the long rows of children, and beaming benignantly upon them, said:—"Dear little boys and girls, my heart goes out in tender love and sympathy for you all, for I remember so well when I was a little boy and girl myself!"

A Sunday-school teacher told his infants to ask any question they had in their minds, and a little one asked:—"When is the circus coming?"

At a recent examination in a girls' school the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of our government?" "Congress," was the reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the answer is?" Instantly, with the air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half civilized and savage."

Mamma:—"Who dwelt in the garden of Eden, Freddie?" Freddie:—"O, I know, the Adamsses!"

He was four years old and had received his first trumpet. He enjoyed it immensely. When he went to bed his mother asked him to put away his trumpet and say his prayers. "I tell you what let's do, mamma," said the young man. "You pray, and I'll just keep on blowing."

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged four and two were. She replied:—"They are sitting on the doorstep talking about old times."

Little Bertie, a lad some four or five years old, recently astonished his mother with the question, "Mamma, what is a grass widow?" "My son, a grass widow is one whose husband has gone away and left her." "If my papa should go away and leave you, would you be a grass widow?" "I suppose I should be—at least for a little while," she answered, with a far away expression. "Then, mamma," he added thoughtfully, "what would I be, a grasshopper?"

A little girl in the primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words "foot" and "feet." She said, "One feet is a foot and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it, and told to say "presume" instead. A lady friend, noticing the admirable set of the little girl's apron, asked something in regard to the pattern. "Mamma don't cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern," said the small lady. "She just looks at me, an' *presumes*."

"I'll make you dance," cried an irate mother, pursuing her son with a slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenelic, "we shall have a bawl."

Ingenuity is bound to triumph. They tell the story of a bevy of Saratoga boys who were holding obsequies over a dead cat. After the burial one bright youth lamented the fact that puss had no monument to mark her resting-place; so, on his suggestion, the cat was resurrected and buried over again, perpendicularly, the tail being left above ground to do duty as a monument.

Little boy (who had been chased out of the farmyard by a turkey):—"All right! Just you wait until Christmas and I'll knock the stuffing out of you."

"What's an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up, and the owner of it exclaimed:—"An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

Six-year-old (to caller on her big sister):—"Good-evening, Mr. Palmer." "That isn't my name, little girl, my name's Walker." "Oh, you must be Susie's other beau." Tableau.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hendricks to the minister, who was dining with the family, "Bobby says his prayers every night, like a good little boy." "Ah, indeed," replied the minister very much pleased, "and do you pray for papa and mamma, Bobby?" "Oh, yes, for both of 'em, although I've often heard ma tell pa that he is past praying for."

Sunday-school teacher (reprovingly):—
“Now, Tommy, you must pay closer attention to the lesson. Who killed Abel?” Tommy (in a surprised tone of voice):—“Why, I didn’t know he was dead.”

Susie:—“Oh! mamma, I’ll never disobey you again!” Mamma:—“Why, Susie, what have you done?” Susie:—“Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, ‘get out’; and the pickle said, ‘I won’t’; and they are having an awful time!”

Sunday-school teacher (after reading the parable of the Loaves and Fishes):—“Do you know, Robert, who wrote that story?” Robert (grinning):—“No, but it sounds a great deal like my dad.”

“You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby,” remarked the visitor. “Yes,” said Bobby, “ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face.” “Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week.” “Yes, ma’am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it.”

Another small boy of three who is decidedly irreverent on praying "God bless papa" added, "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."

"Country boys are not such squash heads as they sometimes look," said the sociable drummer at the Brezel House. "One day last week I was out riding with a fellow who seemed to think it his mission to say or do something smart every minute. Presently we overtook a bare foot urchin driving a cow home from pasture, and my companion reined up the horse and spoke to him, saying, 'Say, my little man, what time will it be at six o'clock this afternoon?' Without a moment's hesitation the lad answered: 'Twill be bedtime for hens and fools. You're not a hen but it will be your bedtime all the same.'"

The body of a man who had drowned himself was taken from the water by a New York policeman. "Does anybody know anything about this man?" asked the policeman of some urchins who were present. "We seed him just as he came up fer the last time, but we forgot to ask him what his name was," said one of the boys.

While some ladies were visiting at Mrs. Dee's one of them remarked: "Johnnie there takes after his mother." "No, I don't," replied Johnny; "mother always takes after me."

A new baby came into a home in Detroit, and the little three-year-old, Harry, brought in a little playmate to rejoice with him over his new sister. After looking at it a moment the little visitor says:—"Why don't it laugh? Our baby does." Little three-year-old looked at baby and then at his playmate with marked disapproval and replied:—"Our baby knows better than to laugh at nuffin."

"Papa," said Robby, sleepily, "can I ask you one more question if 'tain't foolish?" "Ya'as, one more." "How much older is a ripe old age than a green old age?"

Old lady (to street gamin):—"Little boy, do you want to join the Sunday-school and grow up to be a good man?" Little boy:—"What Sunday-school is it?" Old lady:—"The Methodist." Little boy:—"No. I tried the Methodisis las' year, an' didn't git nuthin' but a stick o' broken candy an' a apple. I'm goin' to try the 'Piscopals this year."

Johnny was kicked by his pony. "What made him kick you?" inquired his sympathizing aunt. "I don't know," sobbed Johnny, "I didn't ask him."

A mother was correcting her little boy, the other day, and appealing to him, asked how he would feel if he had a son who didn't do this and didn't do that and so on. When she had reached the end of the inquiry he answered:—"Well, mamma, if I had a little boy eight years old, I don't think I'd expect the earth of him."

First Little Girl:—"Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't take children in flats. How did you get in?" Second Little Girl:—"I was borned in."

A little fellow, between three and four years of age, was asked what his kitty did in a fight between her and a dog. "Well," said he, "she humped up her back as high as she could, she made her tail as big as she could, and then she blew her nose in his face."

Teacher in mineralogy class:—"Give me the name of the largest known diamond." Johnny:—"The ace."

"Mamma," cried a five-year-old girl, "I started to make my doll a bonnet and it's come out a pair of pants."

Little Ola was being put to bed, and, as usual, her mother waited to hear her say her prayers before bidding her good-night. To her surprise she did not say them. "Ola, my dear, say your prayers," said her mother. "I am not going to say my prayers," was the reply. "Why not?" asked the astonished parent. "You don't say your prayers, papa don't say his, and as for praying for the whole family any longer, I shan't do it."

Mamma:—"Why don't you move out of the sun, Kitty, if it troubles you so?" Kitty (crying):—" 'Cause I got here first."

A Boston three-year-old, according to the *Record*, became unruly, and his mamma wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood-box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there said: "Well, Charley, what have you been doing now?" "Oh, nawthin'," was the reply. "Only mother's havin' one of her bad spells."

Boy:—"Teacher, I wish you would make that girl quit winking at me." Teacher:—"Why don't you look somewhere else?" "Because if I do she'll wink at some other boy."

Annie was six years old, and was going to school with a sister nine. One afternoon, when school was near its close, her uncle came by and proposed to carry them home. The elder girl was at the head of the class, and would not leave, but Annie said:—"All right, Uncle Buck! I'll go. I am foot, and I can't get any footer."

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said:—"Mamma, I guess they're having a sewing 'ciety."

They had been discussing phrenology and bumps, and little Johnny, who had been listening attentively, exclaimed:—"Pa, I've got a bump." "And what kind of a bump have you got?" retorted Jenkins, delighted in the possession of a son with a mind so far above tops and alley toys. "I've got the bump of eatin.'"

Pretty School-teacher:—"Thomas, state some of the beauties of education." Thomas (oldest boy in school):—"Schoolma'ams."

"Mother," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "it's no use talking. I can't wear them; my toes can't get a chance to breathe."

"Bobby," said Mr. Simpkins, "I want to give your sister some nice little present. Do you know of anything she would like?" "Do I?" returned Bobby, with a strong emphasis on the "do," "well, I guess. I heard her tell mother this morning that she wanted a new box of face powder, a bottle of hair restorer, and some new back switches, and ——" But before Bobby could finish Mr. Simpkins had fled.

Little Bob was pulling the cat's tail, when a gentleman visiting there said: "You mustn't do that, she will bite." To this he replied: "Cats don't bite at this end."

Three little boys in a down river town attended the same school. They are but four years old and are in the same class. The other day they were called out by the teacher and asked to spell a certain word. They all failed, and one of the little fellows looked to the teacher and said:—"Now, Mr. M., you are in a terrible fix, ain't you?"

Augustus:—"Why, how sweet you look this evening! I'd be almost tempted to kiss you if it wasn't for disarranging your bang." Small brother (from behind the sofa):—"Take it off, sis."

A beautiful illustration of the unconscious poetry of childhood was given by a little girl a few mornings ago, after one of the heavy rain storms: "Mamma, I guess that some poor angels have been and got into trouble, 'cause see, the moon and the stars they's been cryin' hard all night."

"Is your mother making ice cream?" inquired the man when Johnnie came four times during the morning for ice. "No," chuckled little Johnnie, "the old man was out late last night."

A very bright three-year-old girl in a Cambridge kindergarten was selected to "show off" the merits of the school, even for mere babes, to a party of visitors; and was asked to count. She reflected credit on her home by doing it as follows:—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king!"

Willie:—"Grandpa, tell me a story."

Grandpa:—"Once upon a time, before people thought of marrying for money——" Willie:—"Oh! I don't mean a fairy story."

Landlady (to new boarders):—"I suppose your dear little boy would like to drink a glass of milk?" Dear little boy (oblivious to the maternal pinch):—"Not much! Pa said last night that we'd see your cow first. He said you looked like some kind of a darned compound yourself."

"And how old are you, my little man?" said the school trustee, to a little five-year-old. "I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new!" was the response.

An event of a lifetime. Teacher (to boys in back part of the room engaged in earnest conversation):—"Boys, what are you talking about?" Confusion on the part of the boys. Teacher:—"Boys, I demand an explanation." One of the boys (reluctantly):—"Please ma'am, Ike says his whiskers is beginning to push."

A St. Albans youngster who saw the sprinkler for the first time called it a milk cart. These little people hit it awfully close sometimes.

Teacher (to small pupils):—"Can you tell me why to-morrow is called Good Friday?" Pupils (in chorus):—" 'Cause there won't be any school."

A couple of visitors from a rural district in the House gallery were trying to pick out their Congressman on the floor. "I can't distinguish him," said one after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply, "he can't even distinguish himself."

"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?" "Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he's all asleep but his nose."

"What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of five on his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, ma'am," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."

A little girl who was ill, the other evening called her mother to her bedside and said, piteously:—"Mamma, I am awful sick. I just swallowed upward."

Mamma:—"Why, Nellie, how pale you look! Have you been sick?" Nellie (just returned from an unusually complicated supper):—"Yes, but I unswallowed myself, and I'm better."

"Grandpa," said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a long-sounding after dinner nap, "if you would give your nose a teaspoonful of paregoric, don't you think you could put it to sleep, too?"

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a politician goes into office does he take an oath?" "Yes." "And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?" "Yes, but there is nothing compulsory about it."

First small boy:—"Say, Johnny, where are you in Sunday-school?" Second small boy:—"Oh, we're in the middle of Original Sin." First small boy:—"That ain't much; we're past Redemption."

"What is the matter with baby?" asked a lady of a little girl whose baby brother she had understood was ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatching teeth."

Mamma :—" Why, Frank, dear, what is the matter? Did you have a bad dream?"
Frank (in his crib) :—" N-no. I d-dreamed I had a big bag of candy, an' w-woked without eatin' it."

A little boy who had lost a pet sheep through death was somewhat consoled on visiting a cemetery one Sunday afternoon. "Mamma," he said, as he discovered a number of marble figures of lambs on the tombstones, "I guess I ain't the only one that's lost a sheep. There seems to be a lot of 'em buried here."

Caller (to Flossie, whose mother has recently married the second time) :—" Well, Flossie, how do you like your new papa?" Flossie :—" I don't like him quite as much as I did at first. I'm afraid he isn't going to wear very well."

A boy traveling with his father got up in the night and walked out of the door of the sleeping-car, which was going at full speed, and did not awake until he began turning somersaults. Then he said: "All right, pa, I'm getting right up," and was fast asleep again when the trackmen found him.

Sunday-school teacher:—"Tommy, do you know what the meaning of 'Amen' is?" Tommy:—"Yes'm; it's what the people say when they think it's time for the minister to stop."

"How old are you, Tommy?" "Nine when I am on my feet, and six when I am on my head." "That's funny, how do you make it?" "Why, if you stand a 9 on its head it is a 6, isn't it?"

"Now, my dear," said mamma to little Helen, "baby is going to sleep. You must keep just as still as a little mouse." "Well, but mamma," objected Helen, "mice squeak sometimes, don't they?"

Mamma:—"You're surely not afraid of a gentle cow, Ethel. Why, she gives you all the nice butter for lunch, you know." Ethel (dubiously):—"The butter is just the part of her I'm afraid of, mamma."

Speaking of public school lore, a teacher sends this detached gem of schoolboy definition, which is worthy of being placed on record: "Repugnant—one who repugs."

Mamma:—"My dear, did you not ask God last night to make you a good boy?" Richard (who had been throwing stones at the gardener):—"Yes, mamma, I asked Him to, but it looks as if He wouldn't."

Tommy:—"You ought to see how much butter my stepmother puts on my bread?" Johnny:—"I guess it's some of this bogus butter, and she is just trying it on you before she eats any of it herself."

Teacher:—"Johnny, can you give us some pleasant little thought about winter?" Johnny:—"Yes'm; I wisht that I had this whole house full of flies and skeeters, soze I could open the winders and freeze 'em."

A good mother was horrified the other day when her little daughter informed her that she had her hair cut at the blacksmith shop. When asked to explain she sobbed: "Mr. Smith cut my hair, and he is black, isn't he?"

Mr. De Groot:—"Everything I've got in the world is yours, Alice, if you'll only say the word." Little Tommy (from outside):—"There's one thing you won't get unless your young man hurries. His hoss just run away."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "do bees ever freeze to death?" "Of course they don't," put in her little brother. "Don't you know that every bee carries a red-hot, base-burner with him?"

A "three-year-old" discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

A child in one of the public schools, the other day, had occasion to parse the word "angel." Coming to the gender she stopped, dismayed, and asked her teacher "if there were any men angels?"

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he reckoned they must be ostriches.

He was a persistent little boy who told his mother, who thought he was too young to wear trousers, that "he would be willing to go without pockets if he only could wear something that had legs."

Ethel (shuddering):—"How the trees moan and sigh to-night!" Bobby (speaks whereof he knows):—"Well, I guess you'd moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they be."

Old lady (to boy who is tying a tin kettle to dog's tail):—"Little boy, don't you know that it is wicked to treat a poor dumb animal so?" Little boy:—"Dumb? Just wait till I let him go."

Mamma:—"Howard, are you going to take part in the tree planting at school on Arbor day?" Howard (emphatically):—"No, I hain't; there's 'nuff switches growin' round our school now."

Governess (to little Miss Ethel, who is making famous progress in mythology):—"Now, Ethel, what do you know of Minerva?" Ethel:—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."

A little Boston girl on returning from church, last Sunday, when questioned by her father about the sermon, said naively:—"I only remember that he said Paul planted and had Apollinaris water!"

"Can you tell me why the lions did not hurt Daniel?" inquired the Sunday-school teacher of the tough little boy. "'Cause Daniel was a prophet and he understood his business," was the startling reply.

Little Charlie:—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond father:—"Ah! but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charlie:—"Oh, no, papa; I won't drum except when you're asleep."

Spriggs:—"How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?" Johnny:—"I dunno. Maud uster be twenty-five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. I guess we'll soon be twins."

A bow-legged man was standing before the stove warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for a while, and then he broke out: "Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire, I guess; you're a-warping."

"Jane, did I not tell you if you were again tempted to eat the currants, you must say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" "Yes, mum, an' I did, an' he got behind and pushed me right into the currant bushes."

New York aunt (when the curtain falls) :—
“Come, child. Don't you see they are married
and everything is settled?” Chicago niece :—
“But, aunty, wait a few minutes for the divorce,
can't you?”

Sunday-school teacher :—“Now, you have
named all but two of the persons who went into
the ark. Can you tell who they were, Arthur?”
Arthur :—“Ham.” Sunday-school teacher :—
“That's right. Who was the last one? Horace,
your hand is up; you may answer.” Horace
(drawling) :—“Eggs.”

“Mamma,” said Johnnie, “can anybody
hear with their mouth?” “No, child, I don't
think they can,” replied his mother. “Then,
mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he
wanted to tell her something, and put his lips
to her mouth instead of her ear?”

“When was Rome built?” asked a board
school-teacher of the first class in ancient his-
tory. “In the night,” answered a bright little
girl. “In the night,” exclaimed the aston-
ished teacher. “How do you make that out?”
“Why, I thought everybody knew that ‘Rome
wasn't built in a day!’” replied the child.

Sunday-school teacher :—"Suppose my watch had no works and I should sell it to a man for one hundred dollars, would you have much respect for me?" Pupil :—"I would have less for the other fellow."

"That young Bilkins is irrepressible," exclaimed old Hotshot, referring to Maud's young man; "he positively won't be sat down upon." "Oh, yes, he will," put in little Willie, "ask Maud if he won't."

Sunday-school teacher :—"Now, children, after Noah and his family entered the ark, why were the rest of the people of the world destroyed?" Small boy :—" 'Cos they didn't know enough to come in out of the rain."

Little Dot :—"Mamma, can I get married to Dick when I grow up?" Mamma :—"Why, I suppose so, pet, if you want to." "I fink it will be a good plan." "Why?" "'Cause we can get all our quarreling over while we's little."

"Oh, give us a rest," said a young man, impatiently, to a little boy who was busy plying him with questions. The little fellow looked at him a moment, and then with the utmost innocence, said : "Well, you rest, and I'll talk."

It was when the late Professor Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows:—"A brute is an imperfect beast. Man is a perfect beast."

A Boston boy was telling his father one day of a schoolmate's attempt to sing. "And time," said the ten-year-old in deep disgust, "why he didn't keep any better time than a cow when a dog's running after her!"

"I hope, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians." "Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he's a little out of practice now."

The major (rocking Nellie on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake):—"I suppose this is what you like, Nellie?" Nellie:—"Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."

Stranger (to boy):—"Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?" Boy:—"I kin for twenty-five cents." Stranger:—"Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?" Boy:—"Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gits high pay."

Teacher:—"Johnnie, what part of speech is nose?" Johnnie:—" 'Tain't enny." "Ah, but it must be." "Mebbe youn is because you talk through it, but the on'y part of speech that I've got is my mouth."

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea):—"Oh, dear! that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?" Tom Brown (aged seven):—"I dropped a nickel down her back when she wasn't looking."

Tender-hearted young lady:—"O! you cruel, heartless little wretch! to rob those poor birds of their eggs!" Wicked little boy:—"Ho! That's the old one 'at you've got on yer bonnet. Guess she won't care."

A little five-year-old boy, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house exclaiming to his sister, "Oh, Lizzie! I've seen a great, great, big monstiferous tail walking round with a hen tied to it!"

Ministerial friend (on a visit):—"I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day. She is singing around all over the house." Little Nell:—"I dess she's thought of somefin' to scold papa about when he comes home."

Clara (Bobby's big sister):—"I heard father calling you a little while ago." Bobby:—"Did he say Robert or Bobby?" Clara:—"He said Robert." Bobby (with a serious look in his eyes):—"Then I guess I had better see what he wants."

"She did wrong to look back, didn't she, Bess?" "Yes, mamma." "And what do you think Lot thought when he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar of salt?" "I don't know, mamma; I 'spect he wondered where he could get a fresh one."

Father:—"Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child and we expect you to be good." Tommy:—"It ain't my fault that I'm your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got."

The little boy was on his knees in his little night-dress saying his prayers and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

Harry (who has the idea, but forgets the precise words):—"Oh, Mrs. B——, sister told me to tell you how awfully kind of you to sing, as it's so hard to get any one to do it nowadays unless they sing well."

"Johnnie, you may give me the name of some wild flower," said the teacher in botany. Johnny thought a while and then said:—"Well, I reckon Injun meal comes about as near being wild flour as anything I know of."

A gentleman in jumping off a street car the other day fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes, a little girl ran up and said, "Mister, please do it again; mamma didn't see you that time."

Visitor at the dime museum to the little girl who takes the cash: "We have made a bet and we want to settle it. Is the bearded lady your mother or your aunt?" The little girl: "You are both wrong. She's my father."

Teacher (to naughty boy):—"Now, sir, hold out your hand." Naughty boy:—"Look out, ma'am, there's a mouse behind you!" (Teacher screams violently and makes a dash for the girls' entry. School adjourns to boys' entry.)

“Well, Davie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?” “Yes, mamma.” “Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?” “Oh, yes, lots of them.” “And can you tell me what they were called?” “Yes; most of them were called ‘Hands Off!’”

A student of the dime novel:—“Come, now, Bertie, kiss your little sister and make up with her,” said mamma to her ten-year-old boy. “What! the Pawnee Chief bow to pale face Cry Baby! Mother, you ask too much!”

Father:—“What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny?” Johnny:—“I think I’d be a soldier.” “You might get killed.” “Who by?” “By the enemy, of course.” “Why, then I guess I had better be the enemy.”

Little Millie had seen some one dressed in black whom she was told was a widow. After going home, and evidently thinking seriously, she said:—“Mamma, I guess I will never get married, but will be a widow. I think they look so pretty dressed in black.”

Proud father (showing off his boy before company):—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation):—"I'd rather be Edison." "Yes, why?" "'Cause he ain't dead."

Precocious Boy:—"Mamma, was Ananias killed for telling just one lie?" Mamma:—"He was, my son." Boy (thoughtfully):—"There has been a change in the administration since Ananias' time, hasn't there, mamma?"

Little Dorothy had been intently watching her brother, an amateur artist blocking out a landscape in his sketch-book. Suddenly she exclaimed:—"I know what drawing is." "Well, Dot, what is it?" "Drawing is thinking and then marking round the think."

CHAPTER XX

Our Patience is at an End, is Yours ?

“Ring down the curtain, the Farce is Ended.”

IF our neighbors had as few faults as ourselves what a pleasant world this would be to live in.

According to the Boston *Transcript*, a gentleman in Plymouth last year sent out to a friend in England a present of a barrel of the best Cape cranberries. The Englishman returned his thanks, but was sorry that the berries when they arrived were all sour.

Little Boy:—“Pa, why does the world move?” Pa (thinking of something else):—“Because it finds it cheaper than to pay rent.”

The jury brought in a verdict of, not guilty. His Honor said astonishingly to the prisoner: “After this you ought to keep away from bad company.” “Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry.”

It seems a hard thing that so many dudes should be walking about with nothing to do, when the hand organ man has to pay forty dollars for a monkey.

First office boy :—" Where did you get that ere quarter ? " Second office boy :—" Boss guv it to me. Boss is feelin' fly dis mornin' . " First office boy :—" Wot's the cause uv it ? wife gone outer town ? " Second office boy :—" Naw ! his stylergraphic pen worked fur de fust time in two years . "

Brown :—" Ever see such a quarrelsome character as Smith ? " Jones :—" Never. I think he'd provoke a professional pugilist into a fight . "

It is told of Colonel Ethan Allen of Lisbon, Conn., that once going into the dining-room of a New York hotel and no waiter showing him a seat, he walked to the head of the table and took a chair that was turned up there. Then a waiter hurried up and said that the seat was engaged. " To whom ? " asked the colonel. " To a gentleman , " said the waiter. " He's come , " said the colonel, and he ate his dinner undisturbed.

No Frenchman likes to dance that German, but he always expresses himself as perfectly willing to make the German dance.

We find in a recent poem "she fell alas, and hundreds wept." We don't believe it. If she fell which looks reasonable enough, and there were hundreds standing around, which we have no cause to doubt, we'll wager that every mother's son of them laughed. When hundreds weep it isn't because somebody falls.

It is said that the Indian name Chautauqua means "easy death." We always supposed it meant "talked to death." These Indian idioms are a great deal too much for us.

A well-known professional man who has a brand-new baby, was advised by friends to rub the little one with lard and camphor, as it was troubled with some complaint that treatment was sure to cure. The father went down into the kitchen, got some lard, as he supposed, out of a pan, and mixing it with camphor rubbed it all over the baby's feet, face and neck. Next morning the mother found that the poor little thing was covered with a crust of cold mashed potatoes.

The town of Glenelg, Md., is remarkable for the fact that its name spells the same backward or forward. That's what's the matter with Hannah.

St. Peter :—" Haven't I heard your name before ? " Western boomer :—" Of course you have ! Everybody has heard of the founder of Hustlerville, Dakota ! " St. Peter :—" You can come in, Mr. Boomer, but you mustn't write any pamphlets about this place. You're liable to make statements that the attractions won't warrant."

" Isn't my photograph excellent ? " said a somewhat spunky wife to her husband. " Well, my dear," replied he, " I think there's a little too much repose about the mouth."

A woman who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. " But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, " was the wonderful clock at Strasburg." " O ! how I should love to see it ! " gushed a pretty young woman in pink. " I am interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too ? "

Miss Yellowleaf :—"I would not marry you if you were the last man to ever propose to me."

Mr. Costique :—"Ah, yes, of course. But how do you feel about it, seeing that I'm first?"

Miss Rural (watching the promenaders):—"Who is that curious little man—almost a dwarf?" Mrs. Metropole (shocked):—"Why, my dear, that is Mr. Highlife. He's the very upper crust." Miss Rural :—"He is? Then they put in a great deal too much shortening."

A Kentucky man has invented a sign. He may not derive wealth from it, but it will not be said that he "died and made no sign."

Government Clerk (to friend):—"I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence." Friend :—"Well, I've done that myself. What's the matter?" G. C :—"Matter? Great Scott, I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill health and the chief has my certificate of good health!"

Some one says it is the hill which produces the echo. And here we have lived all these years thinking it was the holler.

The proprietor of a well-known patent medicine lately received the following letter: "Dear Sir:—A couple of months ago my wife was hardly able to speak. She took two bottles of your Vital Regenerator, and now she cannot speak at all. Please send me two more bottles of your valuable mixture."

There is something in the name of Andover that suggests a protracted controversy. The question has been argued over and over And-over again.

A few days ago a well-known society young man shocked one of his lady friends by his ignorance of history. It was after a dinner party at his house, and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another, and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring, "Now tell me, Mr. ———, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for awhile, and finally blurted out, "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

Italy wants to borrow 3,500,000 lires. As this is a very busy season with newspaper correspondents, we are afraid this country can't oblige her.

Omaha girl :—" Pa, there is talk of forming an archery club in our set. May I join?"

Omaha Pa :—" I saw a girl's archery club practicing the other day, and I am afraid I can't afford to bear my share of the expense."

Omaha girl :—" Why, bows and arrows don't cost much." Omaha Pa :—" No, but it takes so much lumber to build a mark."

Mr. Thinkum :—" Whenever there is trouble in the world there is a woman at the bottom of it." Mrs. Strongmind :—" That may be, but you can't deny that when the trouble is over the woman is on top."

A gentleman entered a telegraph office :—" I beg pardon, but as I was coming along this afternoon I saw myriads of flies settled on your wires. Can you suggest an explanation of the phenomenon?" " About what time was it, sir?" " About four o'clock." " Ah ! that accounts for it, that's the time I sent the quotations for sugar and honey."

An exchange says that a "Western editor found a large snake on his desk when he entered his office the other day." Oh, yes, we see; a pen-viper.

Three weeks ago an Indiana man taught his dog, a very finely, well-bred, well-behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at meals, gets burrs in his tail, goes with a lower class of dogs, and it is feared that he is beginning to take an interest in politics.

"The ruling passion strong in breath," remarked Mrs. Gaddle, when her husband came in at night and bent over to see if she was asleep.

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

As the butcher adds his hand to the weight of the steak, he piously sighs to himself, "I love to steal, a while, a weigh."

A Georgia paper says that Mr. Wheeler, of Hancock county, cut a watermelon a few days ago, and when opened it displayed a distinctly formed "W" on both halves. This must have been one of the melons that will "W" up.

A Western settler's cabin was recently swept entirely away by a tornado. That is what we should call carrying a house by storm.

"For my part," whispered the young bridegroom, as the train plunged into the thick darkness, "I don't consider a long tunnel much of a bore. Do you?" But the young bride answered not. Her lips were sealed.

A Brooklyn man proposes to import monkeys and train them to become bootblacks. Would the public put up with such monkey shines?

The girls in some parts of Africa have to be six feet high before they can marry. The Africans probably think that a small woman cannot manage a husband. A brief residence in this country would soon teach them better.

An exchange publishes a poem on "The Western Lyre." It's probably about a man who had some mining shares to sell.

A rural teacher was examining a new pupil in order to tell where to place him in her classes. The first question she asked was: "Have you ever parsed any?" The boy looked up with considerable surprise in his face, and after some hesitation he replied: "Yes'm, but I don't think it's a good plan to parse, if ye've got anything bigger'n a jack in yer hand ter dror to."

The most modest man we ever heard of was in a rowboat in a storm. He got drowned because he refused to hug the shore.

Gentleman (looking at flat):—"I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it?" Landlord:—"Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains."

"I am like a tree," he observed, as the clock struck eleven. "I am rooted at your side." "Yes, but you never leave, do you?" And he put forth.

"Hello, Charles; what are you doing now?"
"Nothing. You see we had a fire down at our store." "You did?" "Yes, I was fired."

A Chautauqua county cheese maker went to Buffalo the other day and brought home a fine imported Swiss cheese. All praised it, but his wife, who, after the praise had ceased, said she had found her husband's private mark on the cheese. He had paid thirty-three cents a pound for the very cheese he had made and sold for six cents.

It would no doubt shock many an actress who considers herself a "star" did she ever by accident happen to read that word backward.

Mother:—"Johnnie, why are you crying? I'm only going to be away a week, and your papa will be home with you." "No, he won't, he's going to Rome." "Going to Rome? Why, child, what do you mean?" "I heard him say that he would make Rome howl when you left." "Oh, indeed! Well, I won't leave you, Johnnie."

"I always prefer to be on the safe side when I speculate," remarked the trusted treasurer, as he alighted from the train in Montreal.

"Did you miss the train when you took your wife to the depot this morning, Burky?" "Yes, but you can bet I caught it when I got home."

Mr. X. Y. has a little voice, weak, feminine. "There is a dime for you, my brave soldier," he said, as he tossed the coin into the cap of a poor fellow who was blind. "Thank you, marm," was the response. "I'm not a woman," was the indignant reply. "Thank you, miss," was the prompt retort.

A correspondent asks about the burial-place of Ham. There is a town in Massachusetts called Sandwich. Perhaps that is the place.

Barber :—"Sir, you're getting bald rapidly. I have a most excellent remedy." Old gentleman :—"Never mind. I'm just yearning to be entirely bald." "Eh? Why, that's a remarkable desire." "No, it isn't. I've got a terribly wicked son, and I'm determined that he shan't bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."

A taste for painting? I don't know.

He may, perhaps, be full of it;

He did his best to paint a cow.

And—well? He made a bull of it.

Miles Standish will have a statue in Boston by next June, to serve as a warning to people for all time never to do their courting by proxy.

Fond mother :—" No, I'm not going to allow Nellie to come out in society until she can do it well. She must have the best *début* or none at all." Father :—" Well, I'll see how *débuts* are quoted this morning, but I can tell you this much—this will be the first, last and only *début* I'll ever buy for her."

"Did you ever ask any one else to be your wife?" she asked with much doubt. "No, darling," he answered, tenderly; "I assure you this is my maiden effort."

Professor (making himself agreeable) :—"Aluminum is a wonderful metal, Mr. Struckoyle." Mr. Struckoyle :—" Yes, it is. My son James belongs to the aluminum association of the college he graduated from, and I've heard him speak of it."

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson gives a long list of rules telling "how to avoid premature old age." But we fail to find among the number this infallible rule :—" Die young."

The female organist of the Utica church has eloped and married a fourteen-year-old boy who pumped the organ. The affair has taken the wind out of the choir.

Caller (watching Colonel Blood as he approaches):—"What a soldierly bearing your husband has, Mrs. Blood! He carries himself so very straight and erect." Mrs. Blood (without looking around):—"I expect so. He has been dining with some friends."

A Chicago girl made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide by swallowing brimstone. Now, by chewing a little phosphorus, she ought to make a pretty good match.

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "an' I know what I'm talkin' about." "Ten years, eh?" said the passenger. "What station did you get on at?"

A teamster hauling a load of marble in Vermont fell asleep and then fell off his load and was badly injured. "He dreamt he dwelt in marble hauls."

One of Millet's pictures in the Morgan collection was sold to a Boston man. Millet knew how to touch the Boston heart. The title of this picture was "Gathering Beans."

Bill:—"How does the fair Clara look upon your suit?" Charlie:—"Pretty favorable, I guess. When I called last evening I found that there was a fresh hod of coal by the stove and that the clock had been stopped. I feel encouraged."

A candidate for political honors in Uniontown, Penna., gave as a reason why he should be nominated, that "the' hain't no one of our family never run for no office before."

Alphonzo:—"I am a poor man, Miss De Pink, but I am industrious, honest, ambitious, and if you—if you would—O! Miss De Pink—Alice——" Miss De Pink:—"Why, certainly. I haven't much to give, but you are welcome. Here's ten cents."

"Is marriage a failure?" the bachelor cried. And the youth who is courting a girl replied:—"I've never been married, and cannot guess, but courtship, I know, is a big success."

It seems to be a well-settled fact that the human soul shall worship something, but the girl who idolizes a dude comes about as near venerating vacuity as present possibilities will permit.

Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel) :
—“Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?”
Porter :—“Yis, mum ; he has the place insured for twice wot it’s worth.”

“I can’t say as he went to heaven,” remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman,
“but he paid a bill of eleven years’ standing the day before he died, and you can judge for yourself.”

Visitor (in Montreal) to citizen :—“What feast is being celebrated to-day? I notice flags and bunting all through the city.” Citizen :—
“The American cashiers and boodle aldermen are celebrating the feast of the passover.”

“Mary,” said her mother severely, “if I am not mistaken, I saw your head on George’s shoulder. What sort of an attitude is that for a young lady?” Mary (ecstatically) :—“Beatitude !”

"My dear," remarked a fond mother to a belle of several seasons, "what did you mean by taking young Mr. Redcheek's hand last night?" "Nothing, mamma, only I always like to encourage amateurs."

Wife:—"I notice that the writers on health say we should keep the mouth closed while we are asleep. I've a notion to try it. Do you think I could?" Husband:—"It would do no harm to practice it a little first while you are awake."

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